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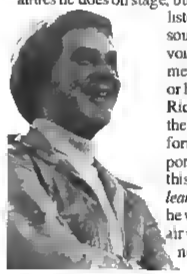
Maclean's

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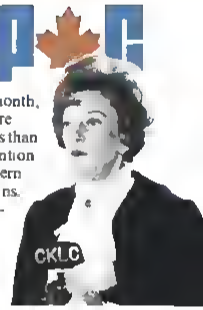


The Cuban connection: Because of the influence of U.S. media, some Canadians might have regarded Prime Minister Trudeau's state visit to Cuba as signifying a sudden, momentous thaw in Canadian-Cuban relations. But unlike the United States, which angrily severed its ties with Cuba following Castro's takeover in 1959, Canada maintained an affable, if not intense relationship with the Cubans throughout the Sixties and has developed even closer ties in trade and tourism in the Seventies. The Prime Minister's visit simply underlines the fact that in Havana, as Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis writes, Canada has always been considered a friendly nation. **Page 24.**

Rich Little, in his own image: Akin to the myths that all comedians are really tragic figures, and that all movie villains are really sweethearts, is the one that all impressionists have no personalities of their own. In the case of Rich Little, writer Marci McDonald discovered, it's a myth with some substance. Nothing as bizarre as Little lapsing into one of the 164 personalities he does on stage, but "for two days I listened for the sound of his real voice and it eluded me." Despite that—or because of it—Rich Little is one of the hottest performers in contemporary America, as this issue of *Maclean's* went on sale, he was going on the air with his very own network television series. **Page 30.**



Bloody Sunday: As the Conservatives' leadership campaign hurtles down to its conclusion later this month, all the jokes about there being more candidates than delegates at the convention are giving way to concern that, no matter who wins, the party loses. Ian Urquhart of *Maclean's* Ottawa Bureau examines the left-right (Stanfield-Diefenbaker) split within the Tories which threatens to come to a savage head at the convention and leave the next leader with a party even more divided and more incapable of challenging the Liberals, than the one Stanfield inherited in 1967. **Page 34.**



Inside Maclean's

There are certain requirements imposed on reporters who cover elections and leadership campaigns. They must, for example, be able to endure the same speech (with the same jokes) a dozen times a day, to live out of an airline bag, and to be able to roll with the unexpected. So when Flora MacDonald's rental car got stuck in a snowbank on the way to the Saint John, New Brunswick, airport, Ian Urquhart teamed up with the Tory leadership candidate to push it out. Urquhart, despite his relative youth (he's 26), is a veteran of four leadership campaigns—the Ontario NDP in 1970, the Ontario Tories in 1971 (both for the Toronto *Telegram*), the federal NDP in 1975 (for the Toronto *Star*) and the federal Tories in 1975-76 (for *Maclean's*). He has thus developed a few rules: travel light, because a suitcase can get awfully heavy by the fourth airport of the day; promise yourself (and follow through on it) one good meal a day, preferably with a glass of wine; bring along a good book—one that has nothing to do with the campaign—and escape into it whenever possible. Also, don't fall asleep in the bus on the way to the airport as, Urquhart recalls, a former CBC reporter once did—only to awake when the bus was back in the garage. But there are, Urquhart says, great benefits for whistle-stopping journalists in leadership and election campaigns: because they allow them to get out among the people and discover what they're thinking. It's not always heartening, as Urquhart found out trekking with Flora MacDonald, Claude Wagner and Brian Mulroney in early January. "I listened, and what I heard troubled me. There is a backlash, right-wing and anti-French, growing in this country, and a lot of it is based on prejudice. Somehow politicians are going to have to deal with it."



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Interview

With JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

From the icy sidewalks of Francis Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the book-lined libraries of Harvard professors look warm and inviting on a brisk January Saturday. One of these libraries belongs to John Kenneth Galbraith. It contains all 20 of the books he has written, and above one bookcase there is a needlepoint with the author's operating philosophy inscribed: MODESTY IS A VASTLY OVERRATED VIRTUE. Despite his legendary vanity, Galbraith has always occupied a special place for Canadians, another local-boy-who-made-good. Born in Ontario, he went on to academic stardom at Harvard to advise and consort with the Kennedys and to become the most visible, celebrated economist since John Maynard Keynes. Since Prime Minister Trudeau's introduction of wage-price controls and his subsequent mutterings about a "new society," Galbraith is of even greater interest to Canadians because, as Trudeau himself has said, the thinking of Galbraith has "permeated my thoughts." His books, including *The Affluent Society*, *The New Industrial State* and *Economics And The Public Purpose*, are standard reading among Trudeau's advisers. When *Maclean's* Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis visited Galbraith, now retired from teaching, he was treading familiar territory. Lewis was a *Time* magazine correspondent in Boston for a year. Indeed, when Lewis arrived for the interview Galbraith greeted him with a "welcome back."

Maclean's: *McGill University economist Jack Weldon says that Prime Minister Trudeau tends to run with economic fads, that he is a Galbraithian today, but that in fact he is not tied to any particular economic theory.*

Galbraith: That's the commonplace response of a good establishment professor. Their tendency, alas, is to believe that anything that has been said since Alfred Marshall, or possibly John Stuart Mill, is a fad. All the establishment economists have not yet embraced the necessity [of controls]. Thus they react adversely to them. It is very understandable: everyone tries to protect his property, intellectual or otherwise.

Maclean's: *Don't you do the same thing?*

Galbraith: No. I've never written a textbook. People are allowed to forget my books.

Maclean's: *Is the program in Canada a viable test of the theories you have written about?*

Galbraith: I've always assumed the tyranny of circumstance, rather than the opportunity for choice. The tyranny of circumstance is the capacity of strong corporations to raise prices, effective unions to force up wages beyond what can be paid out of productivity gains. What Canada is doing is not different from what Britain has been forced to do. It is not different from what the Germans, the Swedes, the Swiss and the Low Countries do in a slightly different form. In those countries trade union negotiations have always taken place in the context of what can be afforded in the present state of export markets. This is the ceiling on wages. Their prices, then, are set in terms of what is competitive abroad, so they have had a de facto ceiling on industrial prices. Now the British and Canadian governments have done these things in slightly more formal terms.



AS LONG AS WE HAVE LARGE CORPORATIONS AND LARGE UNIONS, WE ARE GOING TO HAVE THE CONTROLS

Maclean's: *What you're saying is that controls have to be imposed.*

Galbraith: Sure. Nobody resisted it more strongly than former President Nixon and his economists. In 1971 Nixon said that he certainly wasn't going to have wage and price controls, even though, as he put it, they were being advocated by some extremists, like Galbraith. He went on very nicely to say, "I'm not criticizing these people, I'm just describing them." About two weeks later, he imposed wage and price controls. He did so, not for reasons of ideology but, given the circumstances, it was his only way of getting through the election. When the election was won he listened to the establishment economists again, abandoned controls, and we had the worst peacetime inflation in our history.

Maclean's: *You have written that a "new socialism" is "urgent and indispensible." Trudeau's talk about a new society, with different values and more state intervention, has evoked the spectre of the socialist state. He has been called everything from a fascist dictator to a socialist, and a lot worse.*

Galbraith: One always has that rhetoric. It's always struck me that Canadian political rhetoric, on the whole, is on the calmer side. A reference to socialism isn't quite as alarming in Canada as it is in the States.

Maclean's: *But if you lay on top of fears about socialism a fairly widespread cynicism about politics which developed after Watergate, doesn't that make it difficult to sell a program, no matter how excellent?*

Galbraith: Government wasn't meant to be easy. One thing I hope isn't being overlooked in Canada is that virtually every Democratic candidate, with the singular exception of George Wallace, is running in this country with roughly the same program that Trudeau has put into effect. Sargent Shriver, Stewart Udall and Henry Jackson have all come out explicitly for this kind of program. It's an indication again of the driving force of circumstance. I'm not given to excessive modesty on these matters, but it would be a mistake to suppose that this is my influence. These men wouldn't follow my advice on anything as difficult as this. The candidates have learned that there is no other way, except having a large amount of unemployment, to keep inflation under control.

Maclean's: *I don't see much support among corporations and big labor in Canada. How do you achieve that?*

Galbraith: The acceptance comes from the discovery that the alternatives are worse. We see this process most clearly in Britain where one has a trade union movement of high intelligence, great honesty, great stubbornness of thought—but which has now come to accept that a comprehensive system of wage restraints is better than having unemployment or inflation. The AFL-CIO in the United States accept the same policy on incomes. The Swedish trade unions, the Benelux trade unions, the German trade unions have been bargaining nicely to say, "I'm not criticizing these people, I'm just describing them." About two weeks later, he imposed wage and price controls. He did so, not for reasons of ideology but, given the circumstances, it was his only way of getting through the election. When the election was won he listened to the establishment economists again, abandoned controls, and we had the worst peacetime inflation in our history.

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ing within this context for years. They have been recognizing that if they go beyond a certain point they limit exports, and that the repercussions hurt their own members. The step that the British and Canadian governments have taken, which the Democratic candidates are coming around to in this country, is a big one: a major modification of collective bargaining as it has always been known, the abandonment of private price-making by large corporations as it has always been known, a public policy toward other incomes. This is the largest step in economic policy since the Keynesian Revolution, perhaps larger even than that. This was a step that had to come gradually, that had to wait for the kind of consensus that grew out of the fact that the alternatives—unemployment and inflation—were worse.

Maclean's: *Don't you feel the visceral reaction we're seeing now in Canada might be a potent force at the ballot box?*

Galbraith: That it is visceral rather than cerebral is, I think, the point. When people transfer the process from their colon to their brain, they see that there isn't any alternative.

Maclean's: *Since Trudeau's comments at the end of the year about a new order, a new society, many people perceive a fairly radical change taking place in the way they live in the future.*

Galbraith: In the United States, and I think also in Canada, the voice of privilege is much louder and much more articulate than that of the people at large and tends to be mistaken for the voice of the masses.

Maclean's: *Aren't the masses most resistant to fundamental changes in society?*

Galbraith: Unquestionably not. They're influenced by circumstances. People go into the supermarket with a limited supply of money and have to take food back to the shelves because they don't have enough money to pay for it. Or else they lose their job and can't find another. That has a marvelous way of bringing home to people the ineffectiveness of the traditional means of controlling inflation.

Maclean's: *You have suggested that there could be more government spending and higher corporate and personal income taxes.*

Galbraith: If one accepts that the essence of a system of inflation control is a system of wage restraints, combined with the appropriate fiscal and monetary policy, one cannot single out the blue-collar trade union worker. There has to be control of professional income. There must be some regulation of incomes that are not subject to restraint through controls. The only way of achieving it is through the progressive income tax. A more egalitarian income distribution, brought about by a more progressive income tax, is also part of this larger policy. If anyone supposes that this is going to produce cheers from people in the upper income brackets, they are exceptionally optimistic. Again, their complaints will be confused by many people with the voice of the masses. As to higher public spending, we need to spend more money on schools than on television sets, and more money on keeping the streets clean than on keeping the houses clean. The crime situation in most large cities is such that one better not be economizing on the police forces and on the courts.

Maclean's: *A lot of people wonder what's wrong with bigness. Doug Peters, the chief economist of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, puts it this way: "What's wrong with big companies and big unions? Do they make too much money; governments get half of that. We have to have differentials to en-*

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE PRIVILEGED ARE TOO OFTEN CONFUSED WITH THE VOICE OF THE MASSES



courage people to take on top jobs. Who the hell wants to be chairman of General Motors at $11,000 per year?"

Galbraith: If I was the economist of a large bank and dependent on it for my livelihood, I suppose I would be making the same case, too. There is some difference between being head of General Motors at $11,000 per year and being head of General Motors at $800,000 a year. These are distinctions that one would expect a good banker to be able to make. I have long accepted the inevitability of big corporations and big unions. In the United States and to a lesser extent in Canada there has always been a romantic view that one could break up the big corporations, break up the unions and return to the world of Adam Smith. This I do not believe. The antitrust laws in this country have been a sink pit for liberal and progressive emotion. When you abandon that faith and decide to live with the large corporations, then you are forced to the question of how to impose controls that stop abuse.

Maclean's: *It seems to me that what you are saying is that helpful government intervention is what is required. You are not talking about massive intervention where small businesses operate.*

Galbraith: I'm really saying there are three major industries of very great importance to modern urban society which do not work well under private enterprise. One of them is housing, the other is health care, the third is transportation. One should recognize this and recognize that there is a socialist imperative there, not growing out of choice, but growing out of the fact that people have to have houses, they want health care and that cities are particularly dependent on mass transportation. In Western Europe, including Britain, it is taken for granted that these are areas of state responsibility. In the United States and to a lesser extent in Canada, we are still living on the hope that some miracle will cause private enterprise to provide good transportation, good health care and good housing. We better not wait much longer.

Maclean's: *The anti-inflation program in Canada is virtually a perfect mirror of some of the suggestions you have made, except for one point: you advocate permanence to controls, which the Canadian government has not.*

Galbraith: I have only advocated or urged what circumstances require. If the market still works as it does in most small retail trade—the individual retailer has no power and no unions—or in agriculture, or in service trades or in small manufacturing, I would never dream of urging controls there. You can have inflation in those areas, but that is the result of a general excessive demand in the economy. The proper control for that is through fiscal and monetary policy. A massive bureaucracy would be required if you were regulating every price down to Iona Station, Ontario, where I was born, with a population of 25 when they were all home, and which I believe has not grown greatly since. As to the question of permanence, I expect that as long as we have competitive trade unions, they are going to be reaching out for higher wages than the other unions. This process is going to lead to wage climbs well in excess of what can be paid for out of improved productivity. This is going to start the inflationary spiral and strong corporations will protect themselves by passing it on to the public. As long as we have strong unions and strong corporations—which I accept, being a conservative on these matters, not being romantic—we are going to have the controls. The hope that somehow or other there will be a blessed day when they become unnecessary is also romantic.

Maclean's: *What makes you confident about government's ability to regulate our lives or predict the future?*

Galbraith: I don't have any such confidence. All I would ever ask is that we accommodate to circumstances as they develop. Government involvement does not depend on prediction. The first rule of all



"I'd been planning Joey's party all week. For a surprise, I even baked nickles and dimes right into the cake.

"Everything was going great. Eight little eight-year-olds just having a ball. Then, the crunch came. During Happy Birthday, Tommy spilled his pop all over Steven's head.

"That was the end of any kind of order. Everyone got in the act, even Trixie, our Cocker Spaniel.

"It was a super party. I enjoyed it almost as much as the kids. But did I ever need a break. A few minutes to relax and get myself together again. I just sat down with a cup of tea. It gave me a few very special moments to think about birthdays, and kids, and how important they both are. It was a nice feeling."



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people, in all countries—one that is increasingly accepted—is to suspect government prediction. President Ford's economists do not predict what they expect to happen; they always predict what they need to have happen. We don't ask perfection in these matters. Countries that are as rich as the United States or Canada have a certain margin for error. The test of success in Britain or Canada is not a perfectly stable price level. Both countries import far too much of their inflation for that to be possible. You cannot control imported prices. The test in Canada is that Canadians do not have more inflation than the United States—or more unemployment.

Maclean's: *Trudeau, in fact, fought an election campaign in 1974 against controls. He said that Canada's inflation was largely a function of world forces.*

Galbraith: There's no question that this is substantially true. No one should ask for stable prices in Canada if they're rising in the United States or rising in the rest of the world. One *can* ask that Canadian inflation not be worse than elsewhere, as it was showing signs of becoming.

Maclean's: *One of the problems the government has in Canada is that the Anti-Inflation Board has not been all that effective in demonstrating clout with prices and dividends. Obviously, it is much easier to control wages at the outset than it is prices.*

Galbraith: That's true. There is a real danger where one has a very broad system of collective bargaining, that the wage control will be more effective than the price control. As I read the Canadian regulations, which I haven't done with great care, I see a provision that if the cost of living is less effectively controlled than wages there will be the appropriate adjustment in wages. That seems to be a very wise provision. There is also the fact that, since agricultural prices cannot be controlled and since they are subject to the vagaries of weather, Russian wheat purchases and Chinese wheat purchases, the cost of living may rise or fall in accordance with the market. One is deliberately leaving that to the market. The Canadian government is perhaps fortunate that these prices are falling for the moment.

Maclean's: *Many people like the products that big companies make and interpret controls as government telling them what they should buy.*

Galbraith: I look at television commercials and I am simply appalled at the health of the American people. So far as one can tell they all need Aspirin, they all need laxatives, they all need hair restorer, they all need mouth wash, they all need something either to complement or inhibit their sexual tendencies. The mood of the modern television commercial is not to persuade but to instruct. If a public official comes along in the United States or Canada and suggests that maybe people are more in need of some public service than they are of some of the things that exist only by this repetitious instruction of the television commercial, should we be too shocked? In a society that spends billions of dollars promoting wants for private gain, there is a real danger that we will have an imbalance between private production and the kind of urgent, civilizing things, ranging all the way from education through sanitation and health care to the administration of justice, that are provided by the state. The state on occasion promotes its services, but it doesn't engage in anything like the propaganda on their behalf that the private sector does.

Maclean's: *Economic columnist Don McGillivray, of Southam News Services, has suggested that you might make a good finance minister for Canada.*

Galbraith: I do not know what my constitutional position in Canada is. I'm certainly prepared to think that the job had better be held by some permanent resident. I would remind you that Congressman Bingham has recently introduced a constitutional amendment in the United States called "the Kissinger-Galbraith Amendment" to lift the barrier against foreign-born becoming President in this country, so I have to wait that out. I hasten to add that this part of the conversation is not to be taken seriously even by the more sombre-minded of my former compatriots in Canada.



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And a lot of Canadians think that way.

But there are good reasons why they should be concerned.

Today, exports of oil help produce money Canada needs to pay for its oil imports.

But Canadian oil production is declining.

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This means that more and more Canadian dollars will be flowing out of the country to buy foreign oil.

And there will be fewer dollars available to buy other things we now import – things like oranges, and coffee beans.

And unless the trend toward increased oil dependence on other countries is reversed, the drain of dollars out of our country could become a hemorrhage.

The trend can be reversed with time and the necessary effort and investment.

The Geological Survey of Canada



reports that Canada has large resources of petroleum waiting to be discovered and developed. A part of these lie in the hostile environment of the Arctic and offshore in the Atlantic, where the petroleum industry has already made some significant discoveries. Work is going ahead on production from the oil sands and other heavy oil deposits, but these are very costly to develop and the technology is not yet available to realize their full potential.

Canada has the *potential* resources – but potential never ran a tractor or heated an incubator or powered a factory.

Canada's oil industry has demonstrated that it has the persistence, the experience and the expertise to turn potential resources into actual supply.

However, tremendous investments will have to be made to do this.

Government estimates indicate that billions of dollars should be invested each year in petroleum development.

Imperial Oil, for example, has been spending hundreds of millions of dollars each year to find and develop new petroleum resources and to provide the facilities needed to fill the growing demand for oil products.

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With such policies, the trend toward increasing Canadian dependence on foreign oil can be reversed.

Without such policies, things like oranges could once again become novelties.

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Letters

Business: blackmailer—or blackmailee?

I feel that Terrence Belford's *How Business Is Paying For Its Years Of Indifference* (December 15) lacks credibility regarding the social responsibility of corporations because it subjects the reader to blanket criticism without any definitions

It seems that Belford is saying that the Saskatchewan potash industry is in direct confrontation with the Saskatchewan government without reason, despite the provincial government's tripling taxes after the industry had a better than average year in 1973 (a whopping 5% return on investment) Belford actually claims that the potash companies are "blackmailing' the government when they attempt to protect their developments, which they discovered and constructed without government intervention In fact thousands of jobs and hundreds of millions of dollars' investment are purely the result of private initiative while taxation in the 80% range and the government's talking about nationalizing make it difficult to see a bright future for the industry I say that if the Saskatchewan government does fall, it would be because the committed ideologists won the upper hand and tried to make the people sacrifice themselves to a socialist experiment

F WATT MISSISSAUGA ONT

I was impressed by Terrence Belford's December 15 column I agree with his view that "the large corporations continue to operate in a virtual vacuum where increased profits and growth are the only relevant goals and threat is an accepted tool to ensure those aims" I doubt if this is the kind of world we wish to perpetuate Yet even with a free vote we continue to elect governments that support these aims I sometimes despair

M. P A WRIXON VICTORIA

Terrence Belford says that "the producers [of Saskatchewan potash] deferred $204 million in expansion plans exerting a form of economic blackmail only too well known in Canada" On the other hand, the December 11 *Northern Miner* states that more than $217 million in taxes (85 6% of a pre-tax profit) will be paid by the Saskatchewan potash industry in the 1975-76 fiscal year This compares with about 42% traditionally paid by manufacturing concerns and is I think, an excessive tax

In 1975-76 the industry supported a 5.3% rate of return on the shareholders' equity and a return on invested capital of 5.2%, one of the best years experienced by the potash industry since its inception in the early 1950s Premier Allan Blakeney is reported to have said that 10% to 20% should be an acceptable rate of return This makes me wonder whether it isn't Blakeney who is exerting "a form of economic blackmail" by imposing such high taxes that it makes no economic sense for the companies to expand

C K WILTON TORONTO

Will the real Trudeau please stand up?

Peter Newman's interview with Prime Minister Trudeau (October 20) reads like a chapter out of *Alice In Wonderland*

Trudeau represents himself as a man who is philosophically opposed to the state's intrusion in the lives of private citizens He then casually dismisses the unprecedented series of intrusions that his administrations have authored as necessary If he is an authoritarian at all, Trudeau would have us all believe that he is a most reluctant one

Circumstances rarely make it easy for any of us to act continually in accordance with the principles in which we profess belief But I have rarely read an interview in which the subject's self-image is so completely incompatible with that created by his public actions If Trudeau really believes that most Canadians perceive him in the same terms as he sees himself one can only conclude that his private bureaucracy has isolated him from reality

J H GOAR CAMBRIDGE ONT

I want to congratulate Peter Newman on his very interesting interview with our Prime Minister (October 20) His questions and Trudeau s answers were wonderful they made me proud of the Prime Minister and of *Maclean's*

MRS M HARVEY BURLINGTON ONT

With Wagner, all things are possible

As much as I enjoyed reading John Bassett's tribute to Robert Stanfield's leadership qualities in *Now Is The Time For All Good Tories* (November 17), I must object to the way he discounted the leadership potential of another prominent Conservative—Claude Wagner In two brief paragraphs Bassett informed *Maclean's* readers that Wagner had nothing to do with the Conservatives' Quebec victory in the Hochelaga by-election and that Quebeckers would never vote for anyone who switched party labels This is nonsense on both counts

Surely Bassett is aware that Maurice Duplessis had been a provincial Conservative before forming the highly successful Union Nationale, that Parti-Québécois leader René Lévesque is a former Quebec Liberal, and that Pierre Trudeau was associated with the NDP before joining the Liberals The Hochelaga victory has demonstrated that Wagner's presence and work in the Conservative Party is beginning to bear fruit in Quebec Anyone who read Montreal newspapers during the campaign would have found that Wagner had campaigned very heavily in the by-election

I believe that Wagner offers the Conservative Party a tremendous opportunity for victory in the future It is self-defeating and wrong for Conservatives to be-

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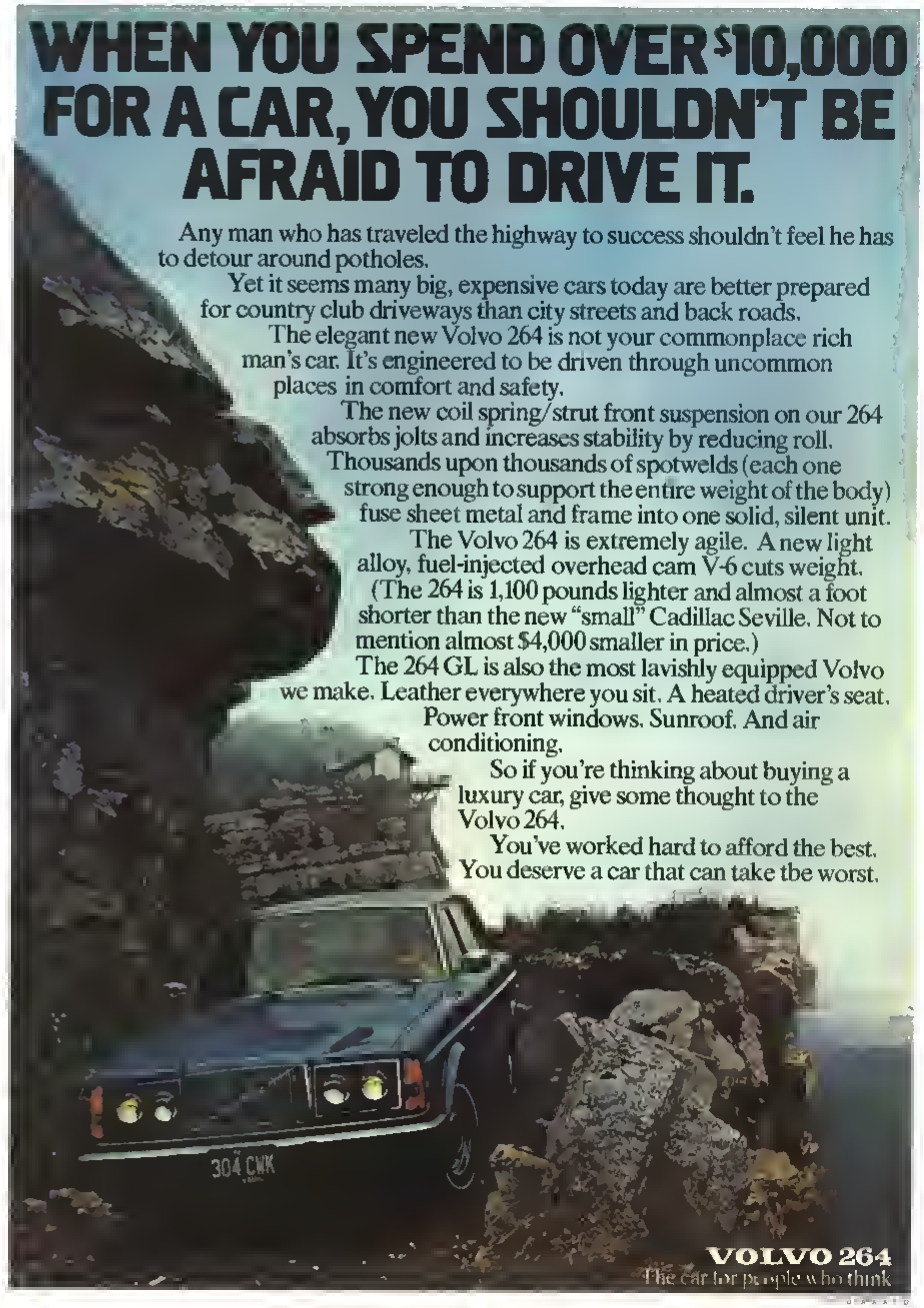
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lieve that Quebec must always remain beyond their grasp. Until the Liberals chose Wilfrid Laurier as their leader, they were as unsuccessful in Quebec as the Conservatives are today, and until the Conservatives had the courage to choose John Diefenbaker as their leader, Western Canada was as unrewarding for the PCs as Quebec is now. Take another look, Bassett.

ALLAN H. FRASER, OTTAWA

Alive—and kicking up a storm

As one of the "junior reporters who were laid off" at the "second-rank *Colonist*" in Victoria, as reported in *Alive But Barely Kicking* (December 15), I want to correct several gross inaccuracies.

The agreement between the company and the Joint Council of Victoria Newspaper Unions did not "end months of bickering and rumors that the papers' publishers ... would merge the dailies [*Colonist* and *Times*] and trim staff by 120." Some of us believe that possibility was merely forestalled for seven months. Nor were "45 people laid off, about a third of them editorial employees." No editorial employees were laid off, a number of us chose to resign voluntarily.

Your "number of topflight *Times* journalists ... moving to the second-rank *Colonist* newsroom" turn out to be one solitary reporter. And how the *Colonist* got to be second rank, I don't know ... the last figures I saw showed it had the largest circulation in Greater Victoria. I also take personal exception to being labeled a "junior reporter" with six years' experience, I was certainly not paid as one by the *Colonist*. Nor was Don Gain's experience with the *Colonist* spans more than 10 years.

A. STEPHEN GAEWEC, SIDNEY, BC

The old UN ain't what it used to be

I want to react to Saul F. Rae's letter concerning Canada's role in the United Nations (December 15). Some of us in Canada have grown up to view the UN as a military force that prevented a world war in Korea and a diplomatic machine guided by the skillful minds of such men as Dag Hammarskjold, U Thant and Lester Pearson. However, recent events in Nigeria, Northern Ireland, Vietnam, Cyprus and the Middle East have produced a generation of Canadians with quite a different view of how the UN handles world affairs. In regard to the UN resolution on Zionism, I feel that a Pearson-led or Pearson-influenced Canadian delegation would have recognized and done something about the shifting mood and power within the UN. I'm sure that in *The Thirty-Year Flop* (October 20) Walter Stewart is inferring that countries such as Canada are denying moves like a commitment to compromise that might solve the Mid-East situation.

A. VON MACHUI, POINTE CLAIRE, QUE.

Kudos and a brickbat

I wish other magazines and newspapers had the courage *Maclean's* has shown in *Massacre At Grassy Narrows* (October 20), in which Marci McDonald takes pains to write of the dangerous mercury pollution problems at the Grassy Narrows and White Dog reserves. It's about time someone conveyed the realities to the public.

MRS. STEVE GOLLER, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

One suggestion for the new *Maclean's*—get F. Lee Bailey off the cover (December 1). Since your logo denotes your magazine as "Canada's Newsmagazine," it intrigues me that Bailey rates a cover story. What relevance does he have to Canadians anyway? Who cares if Bailey smokes 40 Benson and Hedges a day? Who cares if he "saves" Patty Hearst? If indeed you are Canada's newsmagazine, the least you can do is to keep your cover stories Canadian.

GREGG THOMPSON, VANCOUVER

Barbara Amiel's review of *Ma: A Woman's View Of Watergate* (December 15) was superb writing and hilarious reading. I enjoy the no-holds-barred punch of your by-lined articles as contrasted with the blandness of those in certain American news publications.

DAVID VAGTY, TORONTO

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All the muck that's fit to rake: the truth hurts more when it comes too late

Column by Harry Bruce

The dirty rumors come true in the end. That's the dangerous news. It's that the loudmouthed smart face at the end of the bar was right all along. The tavern cynic who knows it all and knows it's all bad, the blabbing hairdresser with her absurd spoutings about misbehavior in high places, the paranoid leftist editor with his fantastic charges about telephone taps, killers and crooks in the capital — those creeps actually turn out to have been right. That's the political horror of our time but politicians go on talking as though the real problem is a malevolent press. *Why don't you lay off the muckraking for a while, eh fellows? It's bad for democracy.*

Politicians often demonstrate a willful refusal to understand the chief function of the press: to describe what's happening. The more rotten the events, the more urgent the need to describe them right away. If years pass before someone lifts a tarp off a steamy heap of corruption, the stench revolts people far more than if they'd smelled it back at the beginning. *Phew! So that's what those slimy thugs, eavesdroppers, bribers, blackmailers, bootlickers and dollar gluttons have been brewing ever since the election. Why didn't somebody tell us?* What happened at the Watergate apartments remember, was funnier than it was smelly; the stinking part was the cover-up. But what did our Prime Minister learn from it?



Inga Arved, JFK's alleged wartime romance (and alleged Nazi agent), Monroe, and Judy Exner, mutual friend of Kennedy and Sam Giancana: who'd have believed it?

The national screech-in over his doubts about the free-market system obscured the fact that, during that notorious, year-end CTV interview, he revealed an opinion about the press that could easily have earned the delighted approval of a philosopher-king such as Spiro Agnew. "But, gosh, we've got to turn our minds to the positive things instead of being petty and instead of looking at the negative side of everything and trying to find a Watergate under every Member of Parliament and trying to get into I think what you call investigative reporting to make sure that nobody gets away with anything if we can suspect him of something." Let's forget such matters as Sky Shops and build a new ethic together, shall we?

But, gosh, Trudeau could scarcely be more wrong about what the country needs from its reporters. We need more, not less, of I-think-what-you-call-investigative-reporting. We need more, not less, careful, unvengeful exhuming of the negative side of our leaders. And we need less, far less, foolish emphasizing of the positive in whatever rising new hotshot of the hustings the media suddenly decide positively glows with charisma in our time. What saps faith in politics is the discovery, *too late*, that the saints the press encouraged us to revere were less than divine, that Camelot was a cathouse.

Imagine it's 1962. You're on a train and the man beside you confides that, despite all the goody-goody stuff you've read about John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the President has secretly bedded down with Marilyn Monroe, a Mafia moll and God alone knows how many other women who used their bodies to achieve the height of well-momentary social climbing in the White House. Suppose your seatmate then tells you JFK is not robust, he has a secret malfunctioning of the adrenal gland which has almost killed him three times. Moreover, the stranger continues, JFK was never a war hero. He was a lousy naval officer and throughout the war years he was having a torrid affair with a suspected Nazi spy. As a rule, he was neither selfless nor sunny. Toward friends and enemies, he was often petty, resentful, vengeful, pompous, even sadistic.

All of this, in '62, would doubtless have struck you as nauseating bullcrap. You might well have changed seats. Who needed such kooks anyway? Next thing you knew, he'd be telling you Canadian cabinet ministers were intimate with a blond bimbo from Germany, or American agents were trying to assassinate foreign leaders. And yet now, in '76, journalists, hookers and other chums of Kennedy are giving press conferences and writing whole books to prove the truth of everything that that mouthy screwball said about him 14 years ago.

The point is not that ill health, an undistinguished war record, a taste for revenge and a dash of lechery make a man unfit for leadership. Indeed, the JFK slurs may not even be entirely true. But the debunking of the glorious Kennedy mystique, which now threatens to become an industry comparable to theories about his assassination, would not have bred cynicism among the people if the mystique had been less than glorious in the first place. The Positive Thinking about Kennedy in the early Sixties amounted to idolatry not only in the States but here as well. "Bitter disillusionment with our leaders," Senator William Fulbright writes in the current *Columbia Journalism Review*, "is the other side of the coin of worshipping them. If we did not expect our leaders to be demigods, we would not be nearly as shocked by their failures and transgressions."

Is there any wonder why people grow apathetic and distrustful about politics at the top? We learn that Gerald Ford is a new Moses in one year and a stumblebum in the next. Robert Stanfield's the unbeatable Bluenose in '67, old fumblefingers in '74, the wisest Tory in Christendom in '75. John Diefenbaker's a Messiah in '57, a bungling egomaniac in '62, a wonderful, noble, silvery old patriarch in '76. In '68, Pierre Trudeau's the glowing prophet of a breathtaking new era, in '76 in many opinions anyway, he's a dangerous prattler who's using his own government's gross failure to cure the economy as an excuse to destroy freedom.

Fulbright laments the press's habit of painting leaders as either saints or sinners. He's half right. The press should certainly cease painting politicians as saints. Instead, it should regard every last one of them, no matter how attractive at the moment, as blackhearted sinners or potential sinners. Like all the rest of us. The press should Think Investigative and Think Negative. Skepticism is still a prime journalistic virtue. The more informative it is the less it leaves for the rumormongers to chew. And the fewer the fallen idols



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Preview

SOME COME TO RUN, OTHERS TO KILL, MAIM AND TERRORIZE

Organizers of this summer's Olympic Games have been working for three years on plans to ensure the violence and death that stalked the Munich and Mexico Olympics don't visit Montreal. Under 53-year-old security coordinator Guy Toupin, a Montreal Urban Community Police deputy director who made two trips to Munich—one before the 1972 games and one after (to find out what went wrong), crack members of five police forces and the Canadian army are gearing up to deal with everything from air hijackings, bombs and political kidnappings to nuclear, chemical or biological threats. The bill for security measures will likely run to more than $100 million and while there won't be a soldier or policeman on every corner there'll be plenty around. There will be more than 5,000 troops and there'll be men from the 5,200-member Montreal force. The RCMP, the Ontario and Quebec provincial police forces and the National Harbor Police will bring the total to about 13,500, which is still fewer than there were at either Munich or Mexico. Toupin, who works out of an office building down the street from the games' organizing committee offices, says he hopes "all will go well, even if you must always expect the worst." And if the worst should happen and disaster befalls the games, it's of some chilly comfort to know experts have already decided where to put the bodies—in the city's arenas "because," explained a police spokesman, "they can make ice in a matter of hours."

Mr. Inside, Mr. Outside

Two for the road: John Turner and Dave Barrett. But there is a difference beyond their political philosophies. While Barrett, who lost his seat and his NDP government in British Columbia, looks like an aimless wanderer wondering where he'll spend tomorrow night, Turner, the former federal finance minister, had no end of chauffeur-driven destinations to choose from. Ottawa sources say he will resign his Commons seat soon to join Brascan, Ltd. or a Toronto law firm—either Stikeman, Elliott, Robarts & Bowman (yes, that's John Parmenter Robarts, the former Ontario Conservative premier) or McMillan, Binch. Barrett, on the other hand, was telling friends he was less than impressed with his career options. Don't be surprised if Barrett resurfaces as a $50,000-a-year hot-line host on a Vancouver radio station.



Turner: most likely to succeed



Dark: old shortstops never die

Readin', writin', strikin'

Just as Toronto's high-school teachers were legislated back to work, 80,000 disgruntled Quebec elementary and high-school teachers began escalating their winter-long campaign of study sessions, phoning in sick and working to rule. They were protesting the slow pace of negotiations with their employers—the provincial government and local school boards. Some are already legally able to strike, but they were expected to hold off until mid-March when they might throw in with a common front of equally unhappy hospital workers and civil servants. The teachers are asking for a salary increase of about 43% and the government is offering about 13%, not counting a cost-of-living bonus awarded last year. A Montreal high-school teacher with a BA and 10 years' experience made $11,600 last year—compared with $17,800 for the same qualifications in Calgary or $16,900 in Vancouver.

A faint rattle of sabres

Washington insiders forecast heightened U.S. belligerence toward the Soviets as détente marks time and the Presidential election approaches. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, who just asked Congress for a record $100.1 billion military budget, is known to believe that one way of getting the Kremlin to agree to meaningful arms cuts might be to threaten the Russians with a mammoth new arms race. "The Soviets," Rumsfeld says, "negotiate seriously only when they face real, not paper, programs." Among the toys the Pentagon wants: a new submarine fleet, a squadron of advanced B-1 bombers, and new and more powerful land-based missiles. Political observers add that a truculent stance toward Moscow should help Gerald Ford's election campaign—at least among right-wing Republicans.

Buzz-buzz, you're dead!

More from the military front: James Bond wouldn't believe it, but the U.S. army plans to equip its troops with laser guns and then let them shoot at one another for target practice. Ever since 007's life was imperiled in *Goldfinger*, the laser beam has been popularly regarded as a deadly weapon. Not necessarily so. The United States has developed a harmless laser that attaches to the M-16 rifle. When the rifle is pointed at a soldier and the trigger pulled, the beam flashes out and, in the event of a hit, a light on the target's shoulder glows. The idea is to make training exercises "more meaningful."

Lo, the headless Giants

Wherever they finally play ball—the San Francisco (Toronto? Seattle?? Portage La Prairie???) Giants need a new general manager. And field manager. And coaching staff. With spring training looming, they had none of the above. Hot tip for the GM's job: Danny Menendez, the Expos' scouting director. Hottish tips for the manager's slot: Alvin Dark, who used to manage the Giants, and Joe Amalfitano, who used to coach them.

Those pear-shaped tones

How can people say Toronto is culturally deprived when it offers Raquel Welch? Ms. Welch has agreed to sing(!?) for supper patrons of the Royal York Hotel March 11-20. The hotel predicts SRO crowds. If ever the music-loving men of Halifax or Calgary had a reason to visit Toronto in March...



Welch: all this and talent too

Canada

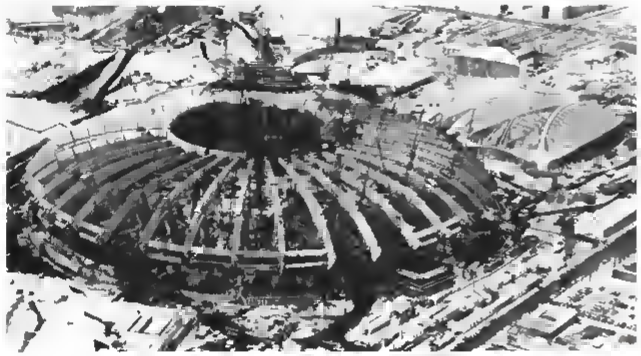
LET THE GAMES BEGIN—IF THEY CAN

It was just hours before the head of Quebec's Olympic Installations Board, Dr Victor Goldbloom was to fly to Innsbruck, Austria, and an inquisition by worried world Olympic officials that hordes of *paparazzi* from as far away as Gabon and Great Britain faced him in a golf course clubhouse near the new stadium They had just one question on their minds could Montreal put it together or not? Yes it could said Dr Goldbloom—sort of The stadium and pools would be ready for the track and field and swimming events but they wouldn't be 'complete '

Dr Goldbloom had been asked by the International Olympic Committee to keep the details to himself until he got to Austria but even the most sanguine of games boosters now admit that when on the afternoon of July 17 the torch is lit to open the 21st Olympiad it will be in a stadium with a truncated tower at least 15,000 temporary seats and minus a press centre exterior landscaping and maybe even refreshment stands Athletes dressing rooms will be in trailers and while officials hotly deny that the universal emblem of works in progress called Johnny on-the-spot will be called in much of the plumbing will be "temporary '

In the long and weary march to Montreal's date with the 1976 games it has sometimes seemed as if the project was jinxed as if there was a curse on it Many of Montreal's woes have been bad luck Inflation went wild, the price of concrete zoomed Labor was more than normally fractious Last month Simon St Pierre vice-president of the Olympic Organizing Committee(COJO)and as close to indispensable to the games as any one man could be, fell off a gift horse given him by coworkers and died a week later Last autumn another key executive died Even the weather has joined the conspiracy Last month—a month of decision for games organizers—was the coldest January since the Second World War Work had to stop when the wind chill factor in the stadium's stratosphere hit -80 degrees C But if luck had something to do with it there has also been ruinous incompetence epic clumsiness and what some police officials hint is breathtaking corruption A bare outline of these troubles includes

• THE BUILDINGS When Parisian architect Roger Taillibert landed in Montreal he brought along not only his massive ego but plans that have proved almost impossibly intricate The only people that seem able to make sense of the frankly experimental $700-million stadium are the little corps of French engineers and Taillibert aides who have been flitting back and forth since work began Canadian subcontractors who have to do the actual work however are full of stories about the project's arcane architectural detail Taillibert's stadium and velodrome are magnificent to look at but are they safe? The roof of the velodrome is



made from a suspiciously flammable material And a British magazine called *Construction News* claims the stadium has structural weaknesses Engineers here don't agree on that one but there are cracks in some pillars which have been filled with glue Strong glue but still glue

• THE SCANDALS One of the wilder rumors is that senior games officials are all but resigned to the inevitability of a long and painful parliamentary commission into the staging of the games when they are finished Police say charges are already being prepared against several involved in the construction of the Olympic Village and will be laid next month Originally priced at $33 million and destined to be badly needed public housing, village costs have soared to more than $80 million even though the project was finished in double-quick time If parliament ever opens the lid on the games it will likely also want a long look at the equestrian site in Bromont 40 miles from Montreal an Olympics installation built on private property owned by the Montreal stadium's chief contractor Roland Desourdy

• THE COSTS Counting federal contributions to security and broadcasting, the cost will be at least $1 5 billion a far cry from the $120 million Jean Drapeau offered as his very first estimate The deficit should be about $850 million

What Quebeckers are waiting for now just over five months from the opening ceremonial parade is that swelling of hope and enthusiasm that preceded Expo 67, another project that was having bad times before it opened It may not be far off because not everything is sour It is easy to



The would-be stadium, Goldbloom and St. Pierre: a spit-and-baling-wire Olympics

forget that in Montreal at least there is still strong support for the Olympics whatever they cost Then there is Dr Goldbloom a soft-spoken pediatrician who had been publicly opposed to some of the Olympic excesses two and three years ago He seems to know what he is doing employing a gift for straight talk few suspected in him

Countering the critics it has to be remembered that preparations for 19 of the 21 Olympic events are untroubled and have always been well in hand When it is all over Montreal will end up with sports facilities people will cross oceans to see—something Drapeau counted on all along Then there is Drapeau himself Montrealers know that if he got them into the trouble they're in, he might also be able to get them out The very night Dr Goldbloom met with the press Drapeau rekindled that always glowing fire in his belly and spoke for a full three hours to a packed Chamber of Commerce meeting He knocked them dead Montreal, he said had had a bad year but it was still the city of the future Everything was rosy again All was well

GLEN ALLEN

OTTAWA

By gosh, the price is wrong

When the wage-price controls program was introduced last October, government spokesmen said they were itching to roll back a price increase to show labor critics they were serious about controlling prices as well as wages But by the end of last month, the Anti-Inflation Board could point to just one price rollback in its first 100 days of operation prices for staple foods such as milk and eggs sold by a Loblaw-owned delicatessen chain in Toronto named Ziggys were restored to the same level charged by regular Loblaw stores Even this minor achievement is under dispute, Loblaw actually decided on the rollback before talking to the board In contrast, by the end of last month the board had issued press releases announcing about 20 rulings rolling back wage increases, some of them major in scope

As the wage rollbacks mounted and the weeks drifted by with no visible action on the prices front, public criticism of the anti-inflation program grew and trade union claims that the program was anti-labor began to gain acceptance An anguished Jean-Luc Pépin, chairman of the AIB, pleaded for understanding "People are under the impression that we are going to control the price of every item," he told *Maclean's* "But that's not the way the program is meant to work." The prices of many products will be controlled indirectly by holding down corporate profits, he explained Despite the appearance of inaction by the AIB, "The program is already biting," he said "I could name 10 companies that have told me they have cut back proposed price increases because of the program But it's a bit too much to ask the companies to say that in public"

The AIB is not suffering from lack of price increases to roll back By the end of last month, the board had received reports of close to 5,000 price increases from the public Food prices were the major source of the complaints accounting for 29 2% of the total But insurance, particularly auto insurance, was a strong second and moving up with 17 7% In addition, about 40 major firms have given notice they intend to increase prices shortly Some rulings could be forthcoming later this month but the public may never hear what the board decides on many price increases, because it has decided to announce only price rollbacks not approvals

The board's determination to keep much of its work on the corporate side confidential while publicizing all its rulings on wages threatens to create a double standard and undermine its own credibility Former consumer affairs minister Herb Gray, who represents a labor oriented constituency in Windsor, argued "The board should use the same approach on prices as it has on wages I can't see why it cannot make more of its doings public"

But while labor and the NDP continued to attack the anti-inflation program the board did enjoy a welcome respite from the public spotlight last month in the furor over Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's pronouncement that the free market system is dead if, indeed, it ever existed After he sparked the row in a year-end television interview Trudeau was expected to back off somewhat in a follow-up speech last month Instead, he stuck to his original statement and described his critics as "shrill" and "extreme free enterprisers"

Trudeau drew a predictable response It



ROBERT THE ALBERTAN

ranged from the relatively mild comments of Michel Bélanger president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, who said the Prime Minister should have phrased himself differently, to the wild reaction of skinflint publisher Roy Thomson who called Trudeau "an arrogant son-of-a-bitch" Conservative leader Robert Stanfield and NDP leader Ed Broadbent accused Trudeau of throwing up a smokescreen with his statements on the free market and refused to be drawn into the debate

Aides in the Prime Minister's Office welcomed the strident criticism from the business sector Said one senior PMO official "If we're opposed by the banks and the oil companies that's like having the Ku Klux Klan against you"

IAN URQUHART

His lordship was not amused

For several years André Ouellet federal Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs has been the rising young star of the Liberal Party in Quebec At 36 he is the youngest member of the federal cabinet but he can point to nine years in the House of Commons and more than three years in the cabinet as signs of experience At various times recently he has been mentioned

Hell hath no fury like an Assiniboian scorned

When Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau introduced wage and price controls last October one of his first post-announcement stops was the tiny Saskatchewan town of Assiniboia where he was warmly received Last week Gerry Wade *Maclean's* Saskatchewan correspondent returned to Assiniboia (population 2,675) and found the mood had changed

Housewife Frances Ellison "In October I paid 24 cents for some salt Today I paid 28 cents for the same salt In October the ketchup was 54 cents It's 68 cents today If I ran my kitchen the way the Trudeau government is running this country now we'd all be broke"

Teacher John Gorman "The government sets rates for others but breaks its own policy."

Hotel employee Gail Huck was impressed with Trudeau's program last fall but now has no confidence in him will not vote for him again and wants a new Liberal leader "He does not impress me as he used to"

Gale Tremblay the mayor of Assiniboia "I have just sent in my subscription to the Liberal Party but Trudeau has made his last kick at the cat's ass I'm a Liberal all the way but not an Ottawa Liberal"

Teacher Ron Yaganiski, from nearby Mossbank "Trudeau is offering a two-bit solution to a $100-million problem."

Ironically, the people of Assiniboia have been noticeably unconcerned about Prime Minister Trudeau's year-end musings on the fate of the free enterprise system Like most ordinary Canadians, Assiniboians are less concerned about living in the PM's "new society" than surviving in the present one



PAT BEVITT

Huck: It was just one of those things . . .

as a possible successor to Quebec premier Robert Bourassa some day and as a likely candidate for promotion to the prestigious federal Justice portfolio. But a shadow has intruded on Ouellet's bright future because of one careless moment in the Commons lobby. It was there on December 19 that Alan Freeman, a reporter for The Canadian Press, showed him the verdict of Mr. Justice Kenneth Mackay of the Quebec Superior Court acquitting three of the country's biggest sugar companies on a charge of price fixing, a case the consumer affairs department had spent almost four years preparing. Freeman reported Ouellet's reaction as follows: "I find this judgment completely unacceptable. I think it is a silly decision. I just cannot understand how a judge who is sane could give such a verdict. It is a complete shock and I find it a complete disgrace."



Ouellet: like God, justice is not mocked

Ouellet was cited for contempt by Mackay for the remarks and appeared before Mr. Justice James K. Hugessen to explain himself. Ouellet fell back on the excuse that he was misquoted, but Freeman stuck by his story and Hugessen chose to believe him. He ordered Ouellet to issue a "full, complete and unreserved apology" to the court and pay costs of $500. Ouellet chose to appeal.

In Ottawa, there was general dismay that a minister of the Crown could have spoken so harshly of a judicial decision. Conservative Justice critic Eldon Woolliams said he would resign if he were Ouellet. Not everyone was against Ouellet, however. Significantly, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau suggested that Ouellet appeal the verdict.

Ouellet himself, in his first interview after the conviction, said he thinks the publicity over the case may help him in the long run. "People that didn't know me [before] know me now," he said. "When you speak out, when you have conviction, you're always bound to splash a little bit. Obviously, the remarks made are a reflection of my deep concern and my deep conviction ... basically, I think a minister of the Crown has the right to express his view on a subject that is of concern to him and his constituency."

Almost overlooked in the furor was the reason for Ouellet's outburst. He was frustrated over the acquittal of Atlantic Sugar Refineries Co. Ltd., Redpath Industries Ltd. and St. Lawrence Sugar Ltd., all indicted for allegedly overcharging their customers by about $125 million from 1960 to 1973 through price-fixing arrangements. It was a major case for the government in its efforts to grapple with big business through the anti-combine laws and, after a nine-month trial, it was lost, although the government is appealing the verdict. Nor was it the only big anti-combine case lost by the government in the past year. The Irving family was acquitted of a monopoly charge in New Brunswick although it owns every English-language daily in the province. That case is going to the Supreme Court of Canada. The recent reversals in court underline the difficulties in obtaining convictions under present anti-combine laws which date back to 1889, and the need for new legislation. Ouellet plans to bring in additional anti-combine legislation this year, but there is every prospect that the big business lobby will gear up against it again, as it did in shooting down a similar bill in 1971. Says one Liberal: "Ouellet hasn't made it any easier to get new legislation through." **IAN URQUHART**

Morgentaler's rainbow

When Ron Basford was named Justice Minister last September, one of the most troublesome items on his crowded agenda was the case of Montreal abortionist Dr. Henry Morgentaler. Twice acquitted by Quebec juries of performing illegal abortions, Morgentaler was serving 18 months in jail because the appeal court had struck down a jury acquittal on the first charge and ordered his imprisonment. The new justice minister presided over the early passage through the House of a Criminal Code amendment taking such power away from appellate judges and waited for an opportunity to grant Morgentaler a new trial. The chance came last month when the Quebec Court of Appeal upheld a jury acquittal of the 52-year-old physician on a second abortion charge.

Basford's action was in marked contrast to the foot-dragging of former justice minister Otto Lang, an avowed and vocal opponent of discretionary abortion. Lang, a devout Roman Catholic father of seven, had repeatedly refused to grant Morgentaler a new trial or make retroactive the Criminal Code amendment to cover Morgentaler's case. To charges that he applied his own standards of morality to his work in the portfolio, Lang replied: "I won't engage in this kind of controversy. I did what the law required."

Upon his release Morgentaler, looking pale and 15 pounds lighter after 10 months in jail, said: "I feel like I just came out of a long black tunnel." He is concerned whether he can stand the strain of the new trial after a mild heart attack he suffered while in solitary confinement last June. "I'm confident I'll win the next trial but I don't feel too good about it. I have no financial resources. I have been pushed to the wall by all these expenses, one trial after the other, stress after strain. This ordeal has been going on for six years. How long is a man supposed to stand up to the onslaught of the massive apparatus of the state?"

While his rhetoric reflects the emotionalism of a martyr, it is true that at times Morgentaler's case has appeared to be one of persecution, not prosecution. Aside from the conviction and imprisonment, his assets were frozen by the Quebec department of revenue for a tax audit. The city of Montreal threatened to auction off two of his buildings for more than $17,000 in back taxes. He has been denied parole. And finally, the Professional Corporation of Physicians of Quebec has lifted his license for a year. The corporation ruled that Morgentaler had practised bad medicine and



MONTREAL JOURNAL/CANADA WIDE

Morgentaler after his release: justice hideously delayed, but justice nonetheless

Port Hope, the town that fell victim to the nuclear age

With the steady reserve of a genteel small town, Port Hope is trying hard not to panic. There is little you can do about the mistakes of the past, the residents say. Recently they discovered that for the last 20 years much of their town has been contaminated with radioactive rubble. Technicians combing the streets with Geiger counters and other devices turned up "hot spots" in more than 60 buildings, including three schools. One school was shut down indefinitely and five families were forced to leave home temporarily. Even the silt in the harbor was found to be contaminated. Radioactivity was traced to odd corners—timbers in an old CPR loading dock, the plumbing in an abandoned gas works, and the basement of a heating company. High levels of radon gas—formed by decaying radium—were found in several basements. Radon gas can cause lung cancer; radiation can cause leukemia. "But what can you do?" asks 58-year-old Ivan Lewis, one of the residents forced to move. "We're not afraid. We're not uptight. But it makes you wonder."

Up to now the 9,000 residents of Port Hope, 65 miles east of Toronto, have done little wondering or worrying about the uranium refinery owned by Eldorado Nuclear Ltd., which stands like a silver sentinel near the Lake Ontario harbor. In the 1930s, when Eldorado, the town's biggest employer, was refining radium, waste dumps were not carefully checked. In the 1950s, when the company demolished several old buildings on its site, officials helpfully gave away landfill. Contractors were allowed to sell concrete blocks and wood beams. For such people as Ivan Lewis, who needed fill for a backyard, it was just a "friendly gesture" from a good corporate citizen. Explains Eldorado plant manager Gordon Colborne: "At the time nobody thought that the landfill or rubble would be contaminated."





Rick, Joyce and Ivan Lewis (above), and Edward and Sylvia Galloway (left): the evil men do, even innocently, lives after them

The discovery of the radiation problem has left townspeople pondering the possible repercussions. They worry that unwanted attention from outsiders may turn Port Hope into a "plague town." "This is a beleaguered place," said one prominent resident, author Farley Mowat. "People are just hoping the problem will go away." Some, like Mayor Cyril Hewson, think real estate values will drop and tourists will avoid Port Hope. And although Ontario health minister Frank Miller keeps insisting—"from the bottom of my heart"—that the town is safe, they are worried about the long-term effects of radiation on their health.

Ivan Lewis and his wife, Joyce, for example, have lived beside a radioactive fill since 1955. So far they are the only ones to undergo extensive medical tests. They have always been proud of their good health, but bone marrow tests have revealed "abnormalities." They wonder about the future of their children, who are also undergoing similar tests. "Both my parents died of cancer before anybody heard of radium, so I'm not worried," says Lewis, a foreman in a local tool company. "But it's the kids you think about. The future. It's the unknown."

There is no practical medical test to screen large groups for effects of small doses of radiation. Even if cases of leukemia or lung cancer crop up, doctors say there will be no way of knowing if they have been caused by radiation or would have occurred anyway. But the damage is done. "The dose a person has received in the past, you cannot undo," says Dr. Jan Muller of the Ministry of Health. "Now we have to stop any further exposure."

(The town of Grand Junction, Colorado, has experienced a similar problem. Over the past nine years 550 buildings have been found contaminated with uranium mill tailings; the cleanup is still going on.)

The Port Hope scare also raises serious doubts about safety measures now taken to dispose of hazardous wastes as Canada continues its steady progress to nuclear-generated energy. The Eldorado refinery, the only one of its kind in Canada, produces fuel for Canadian and American reactors. Within 25 years Canada expects to have 115 nuclear reactors requiring even more Port Hope fuel. It is little comfort to the locals that safety measures are more stringent than they were in 1955. As Mowat put it: "How do we know that what we are doing now will not be considered a mistake 20 years from now?" There is also the question of who pays for the damage done. So far Eldorado, a Crown corporation, has paid the expenses of removing contaminated fill. But plant manager Colborne says this is not an admission of responsibility. "We are putting aside all the bills in a separate account. Who will pay for it ultimately we don't know." Predicted Eldorado executive vice-president Clement Baschenis: "Some of it will be our fault. Some will not. But it will certainly turn out to be a legal battle."

For 52-year-old Edward Galloway the wrangling over legal responsibility is of minor concern compared to a dry cough that was recently diagnosed as lung cancer. For 12 years his family lived beside a radioactive slag heap in a hamlet north of Port Hope. Some of the material in the slag came from Eldorado. Last October, the Ministry of Health asked the Galloways to move because radon levels in their house were too high. The oldest daughter is expecting her first baby. The fluid in her womb has already been tested for abnormalities and her child will be watched carefully for two years—all because of the slag they thought was harmless. "I was never sick a day before I got this," says Galloway. "Maybe it was from living beside the slag. Maybe." **ANGELA FERRANTE**

recommended that he be ordered to take refresher courses—courses which in fact do not exist in Quebec

The Quebec government has said it will announce on March 1 the date of the new trial on the 1973 abortion charge. But there is some doubt as to whether the trial will ever take place. For one thing, the Crown will have trouble finding its key witness, a Sierra Leone student on whom Dr. Morgentaler operated. The girl, living in Canada on a student visa at the time, is thought to have since returned to Africa; if so she cannot be compelled to come for the trial.

ANGELA FERRANTE/LUANA PARKER

ALBERTA

Well, Moosies have to eat too!

Some of the details seemed hilarious, but hardly anyone in Alberta was laughing about the extraordinary preelection largesse of Peter Lougheed's Conservative government. The press was upset, opposition politicians were outraged and the government was privately anxious as criminal proceedings began this month against two former government employees who helped distribute goodies to cultural and ethnic groups. Indeed, so generous was the government's Office of Special Programs last year with its sudden budget of six million dollars that it frequently handed out more money than applicants sought and once even gave $2,285 to an outfit that didn't exist. Perhaps only in Alberta, awash as it is in petro-dollars, could a government unblushingly write a cheque for $3,000 to "Hoppy, Happy, Tippy Tappy" (a group teaching East Indian dancing to children of various ethnic groups) or $2,000 to "Moosie the Magic Safety Clown," who turned out to be Gerald Ethier, a director of Edmonton Calder's Conservative riding association and a part-time promoter of traffic safety for the Loyal Order of Moose.

All this, of course, happened before last spring's provincial election which returned Lougheed with a landslide. Since then, there has been an RCMP investigation. Provincial Auditor Douglas Rogers has released a scathing report on the affair; the press and opposition parties have accused the government of engaging in the shabbiest form of patronage; and Lougheed himself has stonewalled all demands for the resignation of the cabinet member responsible—Culture Minister Horst (now known as The Gift Horst) Schmid.

Schmid, who arrived in Canada from Bavaria as a 19-year-old, is a self-confessed admirer of British culture (one of his proudest moments, he says, was playing an Englishman in a Noel Coward play). His anglophilia may explain why he was so quick to respond to a request for $285 from the "St. George's Gaelic Society Language School" which claimed that Margaret Thatcher, among others, studied there. Schmid not only arranged for the $285; he also arranged for a further $2,000. Trouble was, the "school" was the product of an Edmonton reporter's fertile imagination. Radio newsman Len Grant, having heard improbable tales of government generosity, mailed in an application. When, to his delight, the government responded, he returned the cheques and hit the airwaves. The ensuing outcry by press and opposition members led eventually to an investigation by auditor Rogers. His report, published in December and compiled with at least some assistance from the RCMP, concluded that the government through its Office of Special Programs had misused public money on questionable cultural schemes. He also said he had found evidence of outright fraud as well as gross abuse of ministerial power and reported that "... $859,827 was expended which was not related to any of the approved projects." Just how zealously Schmid's men went about their task of getting rid of the six million dollars can be judged from the fact that before the office was disbanded the budget had been overspent and some groups were threatening to sue for contracts the office was unable to fulfill.



Schmid, Lougheed: if they don't help Hoppy Happy, who will?

In the meantime, two men—Donald Stewart and Otto Wowk—were to have a preliminary hearing February 3 to 5 on charges they face as a result of their work in the Office of Special Programs. Stewart, the former coordinator of the office, has been charged with three counts of fraud amounting to more than $6,000 and with two counts of breach of trust. Wowk faces 12 fraud charges involving more than $10,000. Both men are charged with fraudulently issuing wage cheques to a nonexistent employee.

JAMES ANDERSON

BRITISH COLUMBIA

'A plague on both their houses!'

"British Columbia," complains a crude sign nailed on a Burnaby telephone pole, "has become a pedestrian province." To motorists still reacting like hit-and-run victims to the news their insurance rates will jump between 100% and 300% on March 1, the sign connotes a costly irony. The Insurance Corporation of British Columbia, one of the proudest jewels in the crown of the NDP government, has turned into a thorn under the new Social Credit administration of Bill Bennett. Blaming the late Barrett government for the financial mess of ICBC (an accumulated deficit of $181 million), the Socreds have set rates to reduce the deficit and reflect the "reality" of insurance costs. The reality for motorists is a harsh one. Rather than continuing to enjoy rates 35% lower than the rest of Canada, drivers will be forced to pay some of the highest rates in the country. Not surprisingly, their reaction has been vigorous. In one rally in Surrey, an angry crowd of 4,000 hanged in effigy Pat McGeer, the minister in charge of the ICBC. McGeer didn't help matters much when he salted his announcement of a rate increase with the advice: "If you can't afford insurance for it [the car], sell it." Premier Bennett publicly characterized that McGeerism as "regrettable."

If the public is ignoring McGeer's promise of an internal cleanup of the ICBC, the bureaucrats are not. First to go will be the existing board of directors, to be replaced by hardnosed businessmen to rearrange what McGeer calls the NDP's "social experiment." Next targets will be ICBC's claims operations with agents and appraisers both coming under the gun. McGeer says that ICBC agents last year fed enough incorrect information into the corporation's computer to create 500,000 errors (which allowed Vancouver reporter Jim Spears to license and insure his office chair). McGeer also wants to see a bonus system for agents making the fewest errors.

Part of the reason for the mistakes is overwork by ICBC's 985-member claims division. Greedy body shops and unscrupulous claimants take advantage of the heavy caseload by charging exorbitant prices. Former ICBC appraiser Jake Brouwer says he has seen dozens of ICBC settlements that were as much as double the cost of the actual repairs.

With McGeer and the Socred government apparently determined to reshape the ICBC in the form of private insurance companies, and indeed inviting private insurers to return to the province, the "social experiment" of ac's insurance corporation may be over.

JACQUES HAMILTON

The Cuba Connection

CASTRO GAVE TRUDEAU THE BIGGEST RECEPTION SINCE BREZHNEV, BUT THERE WAS NEVER ANY DOUBT AS TO WHO WAS THE STAR, AND WHO WAS THE SUPPORTING ACTOR

By Robert Lewis

The Cuban official was bemoaning the lack of women in the Communist Party and blaming the country's devotion to machismo. In the next breath, his eyes aglow, he was marveling at the virility of a prized Canadian bull the Cubans purchased in 1962. Rosafe Signet died 10 years ago but, through the miracle of refrigeration and artificial insemination, he continues to sire Holsteins that make milk while the sun shines. "I'm sure," said the Cuban, "that Rosafe preferred it the old, natural way, but now economic reasons prevail, not passion."

Passion and economics dominated Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's 76 hours in Cuba, but Fidel Castro prevailed. The gregarious commandante seemed to be at the PM's side every waking minute—and during some sleeping ones, too. When, for instance, Pierre, Margaret and their infant son, Michel, retired overnight to an old house on a miniature coral atoll near the Bay of Pigs, Castro slept nearby in a boat. The next night, following an election-style rally in the south coast city of Cienfuegos, Castro and his retinue literally took over the Spanish colonial mansion of Canadian ambassador James Hyndman. At the end of the evening, two hours after the party was supposed to end, he was still holding forth for the press, tapping cigar ashes on the ambassador's off-white rug. "This is not my house," he said, "but I have asked the ambassador to lend it to me for 10 minutes for a press conference."





Above, Castro emphasizes his pleasure in having the Trudeaus as visitors, a feeling reflected in the smile of party official Arnaldo Millan. Left, Trudeau responds

Castro gave Trudeau a welcome that was said to be only slightly less enthusiastic than the reception the Soviet Union's Leonid Brezhnev was accorded in 1974. The crowd scenes in downtown Havana and Cienfuegos, reminiscent of the throngs that greeted Charles de Gaulle when he visited Quebec in 1967, would have sent a tingle down the spine of Keith Davey, the Liberal Party's chief election organizer. The theme, proclaimed in trilingual banners and Spanish chants, was "Viva la amistad" (long live friendship). Trudeau's celebrated response, "Viva Cuba..." rattled teapots back home, but it was little more than a public acknowledgment of a relationship that has far more to do with trade than ideology. (Cuba's purchases of $200 million a year have made it one of the four major Latin American markets Canada spends about $70 million a year in Cuba.) For Castro, Trudeau's visit was an occasion to express his gratitude to Canada for maintaining diplomatic relations with his new revolutionary government in 1959. It was also a golden opportunity to remind the United States (ABC TV and *Time* magazine covered Trudeau's visit) that 90 miles from the Florida coast Castro-style capitalism is alive if not exactly thriving.

It was from start to finish Castro's show. Wherever he went people put themselves out for him. In Cienfuegos spectators waited five hours in scorching sun to hear him speak. As Trudeau prepared to leave for Caracas, the Cuban premier showed up unexpectedly at the Canadian Embassy and hustled Pierre and Margaret off on a 20-minute tour of Havana. Trudeau rated Castro "A-one" as a public performer. "I've never seen a charismatic leader before," he noted ironically.

Trudeau and Castro clearly enjoyed each other. When the Prime Minister left Havana, Castro gave him a bear hug and a buss on the cheek. Trudeau liked Castro's intensity, his thrift of movement—and was surprised at his skin diving style. "I thought a man who smoked that many cigars wouldn't be any good." Indeed, the only major point of contention between the two leaders was Cuban intervention in Angola. Said Trudeau: "We don't think intervention by outside countries in conflict is a good thing." Naturally, Castro disagreed. Trudeau seemed remarkably understanding about Castro's position, remarking that "in his own ideological framework he is a man of world stature. He did not talk like a fanatic about Africa." Castro returned the compliment: "I respect Prime Minister Trudeau's position and he respects our position."

Shortly after Trudeau's departure, however, Cuba's Angolan involvement caused a mild furor in Ottawa with reports that

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY UPI

Cuban transports had made two mid-month fueling stops at Gander, Newfoundland on return flights to the African country. While there is no confirmation that the flights carried troops or supplies, External Affairs Minister Allan MacEachen said Canada had the right to inspect and possibly stop any military flights.

Before leaving Cuba Trudeau had some good words for the Castro government citing dramatic improvements in health, housing, clothing and education since his previous trip to the island as a student. Among Cuba's student workers he perceived a proletarian version of the work ethic. "I'm tempted to say it wouldn't be a bad thing if students in Canada were obliged by the system to take a greater part in the physical work of their country." But the niceties of the state visit prevented the Prime Minister from talking about the glaring drawbacks of Cuban life. Although the climate makes Communism appear less oppressive than it is in the Soviet Union, the customary signs of herd mentality are all in evidence and there is a truly infuriating bureaucracy. At times Cuba seems like a land of peso passers, none of whom wants to make decisions on even the most trivial matters. Security agents play their ham-fisted role with glum abandon. A Cuban woman who was overheard making remarks critical of the regime was ordered to turn back gifts she had received from a member of the Canadian party. Life in the faded pastel streets is dismal. Shop windows are often empty because of shortages. Everything except eggs is rationed. At a newsstand I watched a man dig into his pocket for change to buy a paper, count his centavos and then throw up his hands and walk away empty-handed.

For all of Cuba's professed independence from the Soviet Union which subsidizes the island republic to the tune of one million dollars a day, Soviet culture is making inroads. There are Russian songs on radio and Soviet movies in the theatres. Even so, intriguing differences endure. At Cienfuegos airport Aretha Franklin's soulful version of *Let It Be* blares from loudspeakers. Cubans have seen *The Godfather* parts one and two. Despite the commitment to women's liberation, Cuban men still have an eye for a well-formed thigh which is amply visible in Cuba because of the pervasive miniskirt. "I hope it stays," says one government official of the mini. "That way there are no surprises." What does Castro think of short skirts? I asked. "He approves," he replied. "It's more economical," alluding to the textile shortage. The Cubans also have maintained the custom of allowing couples who live with their large families in cramped quarters to check into a motel, no names asked, at one peso ($1.22) per hour. Contrasts with the Soviet Union of course go beyond differences in the Russian and Latin temperaments. Castro is a proud man seeking to build his country as best he can. Says Ivan Head, Trudeau's personable adviser on external affairs: "The Cubans are not being used by the Soviet Union in Angola." Of Castroism, he says: "This is a departure from classical Communism. There is an opportunity to work with these guys in the multilateral field," each country offering the other the possibility of relations with its respective global friends.







Trudeau and Castro respond to crowds at the airport on the Prime Minister's arrival (top) and in a motorcade through Havana. Michel Trudeau seems a bit confused (right) as he's bid a fond adios

Canada's connection with Cuba began about the time the Royal Bank established branches in Cuba after the Spanish American War. It wasn't long before the Bank of Nova Scotia followed suit. When Castro took power in 1959 the banking industry was nationalized but the Royal and Nova Scotia, unlike many others, were compensated. The Diefenbaker government's decision to maintain diplomatic relations was a factor. "We took this into account," Castro now acknowledges, "and gave special treatment to Canadian investors." Howard Green, Diefenbaker's External Affairs secretary, concedes that if Cuba had nationalized Canadian interests "We would have had to move."

The decision, often attributed to Diefenbaker's nationalism to maintain a presence in Cuba despite the Americans' withdrawal, is still celebrated by the Cubans, although in truth not much transpired between the two countries until the Seventies. Cuba's new links with the Soviet Union—the missile crisis and the export of revolution tended to make relations with the Diefenbaker and Pearson governments correct but not close. Another inhibition was the Cubans' confiscation of individual Canadian assets in the form of bank deposits, real estate and securities. Today, $25 million in outstanding claims are still under active negotiation by External Affairs, a pittance compared to the estimated two billion dollars owed to Americans. It was rising sugar prices and, ironically, signs of a thaw in the Cuba-U.S. relations that eventually spurred Canadian-Cuban trade. Says one senior trade official: "We have to assume the Cubans will normalize in their position with the Americans. It is no secret that we want to consolidate our position before that happens." Adds an External Affairs officer: "We certainly wouldn't benefit by U.S. competition."

One of the most visible signs of the increase in commercial activity between Canada and Cuba is the office of the Cuban trade commissioner in Montreal. The old grey mansion on Pine Avenue, overlooking downtown Montreal, looms like a



La Tour d'Argent of Paris—overlooking Notre Dame and the Seine

How to recognize a great restaurant

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fortress, with its electrically operated wrought iron gate and a remote-control television camera. Enrique Martinez Noa, commercial counselor and trade commissioner, is a dark, trim and well-tailored figure, surprisingly youthful (39) for his position, a reminder of the flight of some 500,000 professionals and business leaders after the revolution. Near Noa's office is the old chapel once used for vespers by the Pères Trinitaires, from whom Noa bought the mansion. In small offices off the main corridor, officials representing the interests of various Cuban trading companies shop for Canadian goods and expertise. Noa says that in one recent two-month period he hosted 207 visitors from Cuba. In the past five years, he says, the Cubans have dealt with 780 Canadian companies. The building also houses a wireroom with two telex machines for communication within Canada, a direct teletype link to Havana and a spanking new printer feeding the Reuter business news service to the Cuban capital. Montreal, apparently, is an important listening post.

But what really interests the Cubans, apart from intelligence, is the increasing desire on the part of Canadian business to talk turkey—more accurately, wheat, skim milk and cattle, which Canada exports to Cuba in return for sugar, seafood and cigars. Recently, the Cubans have shown interest in the purchase of industrial goods and Canadian know-how as well, part of the big push in the current—and first—five-year plan to modernize, mechanize and industrialize their country. The total estimated investment is $14 to $15 billion, most of it to be spent in the Soviet Union and eastern European satellites. Last year former trade minister Alastair Gillespie took a trade mission, including 25 businessmen, to the three countries visited last month by Prime Minister Trudeau. During the Gillespie trip, Banco Nacional de Cuba, the one and only Cuban bank, signed an agreement with the Canadian Export Development Corporation (EDC) under which Canada made $100 million in credit available for the purchase of Canadian goods and services.

John Byrne, marketing vice-president of MLW-Worthington Ltd., recalls the first sale of locomotives to the Cubans under EDC credit. "We find," says Byrne, "that they know exactly what they want and exactly how to go about it. They're patriots. When you bargain with a guy, he is bargaining for his country."

Last fall EDC signed further loans of $20 million that covered the sale of more MLW locomotives, the purchase of ore cars from Hawker Siddeley Canada Ltd. and a $1.5-million plant to make egg cartons. Canadian officials hope to develop new trade in so-called "turnkey" projects, plants which are ready for production on completion. Two early examples are Cuba's purchase of a five-million-dollar, ready-to-extrude aluminum plant from Alcan and a five-million-dollar refrigeration warehouse for butter storage. Canadian officials are acutely conscious of the importance of these projects since, as one trade expert puts it, "you have to wonder how long a nation of nine million can continue buying $200-million-a-year worth of consumable items."

The Cuban approach to these projects poses problems for Canadian businessmen accustomed to doing business *their* way. The Cubans set rigorous terms. Unconcerned about unemployment or inflation—they do not admit to the problems—the Cubans routinely insist on fixed price contracts, which makes Canadian businessmen, who can't ignore unemployment, inflation or cost overruns, understandably jumpy. Uncompetitive bids already have cost Canadian companies a $60-million contract for three thermo-electric plants (to Japan) and a $40-million fish processing installation (to Italy). "Canadians as persons are very kind," says trade commissioner Noa, always the diplomat, "but they must be more aggressive, like the Japanese. To compete against the Japanese, they must be less conservative."

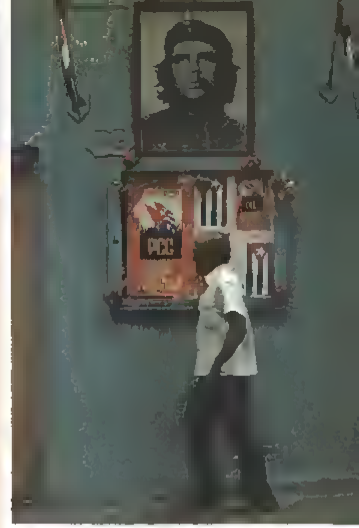
On an individual basis, the Cubans can be more accommodating. The experience of Vancouver's Swan Wooster Engineering Co. Ltd., the largest Canadian ports and harbors consultants, is a case in point. The Cubans have hired the company to produce a study that is part of a broader, $60-million scheme to modernize inadequate facilities in Havana and other harbors. (It is not uncommon for ships to sit off Havana for as much as a month, waiting for goods to be unloaded at barely mechanized docks.) For Swan Wooster president Ian Ross, the daybreak-to-dark negotiation sessions, the rum and cigars at midmorning meetings, are worth the effort. "We have never been treated so well by any client," he observes. "They're firm and you know where you stand." Ross is particularly happy about the elimination of the kind of corruption that marks his dealings with some other countries. "There isn't even a hint of payoffs," he marvels. "We were negotiating in Central America for a contract and, suddenly, we were presented with a demand for a big chunk of money to be paid that was quite outside the terms of the contract." Concludes Ross: "I'm not a Communist by any means, but Cuba has eliminated the Mafia."

With $14 million in loans and grants from the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), the Cubans are beginning to shop for Canadian expertise and social services. One of the most imaginative projects, run for CIDA by the Canadian University Services Overseas (CUSO) is the training of engineers at Havana University's faculty of technology. Started as a pilot project in 1971, and now in its final year, the program aims to produce 600 masters graduates. Two hundred Canadian university professors have gone to Havana to teach and do research for periods of three weeks, while 100 Cuban stu-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CHRISTOPHER



The road to Havana: the hard-edged, but stylized Hammer & Sickle/Cuban Star sculpture dominates the entry from the airport



His portrait is still on display (top right) but Che Guevara is not referred to in the latest government propaganda. On the immediate right, CUSO teachers Suzanna Daoust, David Gallagher and Gren Yuill mix with Cuban students

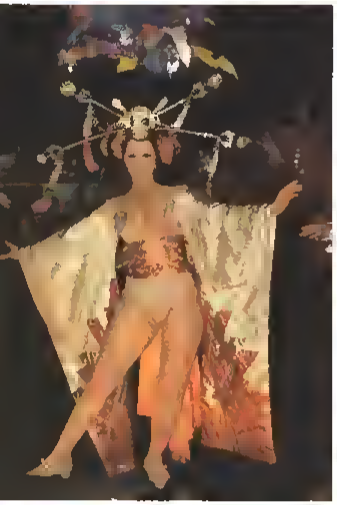






One of the most visible examples of Cuban goodwill toward Canadians is the Amistad Cuba Canada (Friendship Cuba Canada) school (above). Cuban students divide their time between the classroom and state duties, such as (left) picking strawberries







Above, Canadian Holsteins graze in Cuba's Picadura Valley, under the watchful eye of Ramon Castro (immediately below), Fidel's brother. The dancer is performing at the famed Tropicana nightclub. Below, El Jefe himself, his magic seemingly undiminished by 17 years in power



dents, most of them faculty members, have made short study trips to Canada. In Havana the Canadians live in a rambling old house dubbed "the mansion." Housework is attended to by a Cuban cook and maids, and Cuban students serve as official hosts for tours to the countryside on weekends. Says Gerry Zorb, an agricultural engineer at the University of Saskatchewan, who spent three weeks in Cuba last summer: "I felt safer there than in Chicago, safer even than in Saskatoon." As the Canadians learned, however, crime has not been totally eradicated: six people once broke into "the mansion" and ran off with the Canadians' clothing.

There can be no doubt, however, that the Cubans are more interested in learning than in Levi's. A case in point is a new breed of cattle, a cross between Canadian Holsteins and hunchback Cuban Zebus. It can withstand the hot Cuban climate better than a Holstein but produces more milk than a Zebu. Since the revolution the Cubans have been trying to boost milk consumption among children, 90% of whom went without it under the old regime. To that end they have also imported Canadian Holsteins—3,645 last year—and, after acclimatizing them in air-conditioned barns, expanded their pure breed herds. The Picadura Valley Farm is Cuba's showcase, an oasis of green grass and white fences overseen by Fidel Castro's older brother, Ramon. Once owned by the well-to-do Castro family, it was the first farm confiscated after Castro came to power. Less dramatic but important advances have been made under a program that sends Cuban farmers to work for a year on farms in Ontario, learning how to manage with fewer hands than is customary in Cuba. At the moment 10 Cubans are in Ontario, under the auspices of the Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada, CUSO and the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture. George Darrach, the manager of Oakridges Farm, north of Toronto, oversees one of the finest Holstein herds (370 cattle) in the world. Oakridges ships cattle to Cuba nearly every month. Working alongside Darrach is Pastor Santiago Ferrer, a 33-year-old farmer whose wife and three children are back in Cuba while Santiago puts in his year. "They do whatever you ask them," says Darrach of the Cubans. "They're real good boys."

But the most enduring aspect to the trade in cattle between Canada and Cuba is frozen semen. For example: Rosafe Signet, a Brampton, Ont., bull died in Cuba 10 years ago, but because of the quality of his progeny he is still referred to respectfully as "the genetic giant." So gigantic, in fact, that Gerry Mueller, a chemical engineer at the University of Waterloo, recalls a weekend visit to the deserted Varadero beach, 80 miles east of Havana in 1973. Down the beach was a group of Canadian cattlemen who were in Cuba to buy frozen semen—semen produced by Brampton's very own Rosafe Signet.

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Rich Little, in his own image

GIVING AMERICA WHAT IT WANTS

By Marci McDonald

In the coffeeshop of the Skokie Hilton, a ripple of alarm swells up from a back banquette of simulated leather. A flutter of panic floats over the plastic wood table and rises above the sea of Sanka and soggy Wonder Bread. The worst, after all, may be happening. Right now on this drizzly, winter afternoon right here on the barren concrete entrails of this suburban Chicago freeway, the Voice may be coming down with a cold.

Rich Little cocks his ear to the cadence of it like somebody trying out a new stereo. He clears his throat and listens as if to some distant detached mechanical thing. He coughs, tentatively. *Testing, testing, one, two, three. Do you hear me?* Too early to tell. It is 2:30 p.m., midday to the rest of the world but practically dawn to Rich Little who is just finishing up breakfast. The Voice—he always refers to it in the third person—the Voice is never at its best at breakfast. Too deep. Too heavy on the bass. Still, this does not seem to be just another ordinary deep bass morning. A cloud passes over the round countenance which, when it is not mugging, is surprisingly blank.

"A sore throat," mutters Rich Little, massaging the Adam's Apple under his turtleneck. "I'm terrified of getting a sore throat." He despatches his road manager, Mel Bishop, for 222s. He disappears into the folds of his elegant sheared calf coat with the fur lapels and wraps a yellow wool muffler around his neck. He ventures gingerly outside the glass door and into a waiting black limousine, where he sinks into the upholstery with a shiver. "Other people get a cold, and they just get a cold," he says. "I get a cold and John Wayne gets a cold. Orson Welles gets a cold. Nixon gets a cold. I get a cold and it's all over."

But the truth of the matter is that for Rich Little it is only just beginning. If he can just get through this last one-week stand at Chicago's Mill Run Theatre, this one last whistle stop through Middle America, he knows that back home in the palmy California breezes of NBC's beautiful downtown Burbank studios, he has a fling at the brass ring that will allow him to come in permanently out of the draft. On February 2, when his own TV series hits the airwaves, he can legitimately thumb his turned-up nose at all those sages who took one look at him 10 years ago—the kid who arrived fresh from Canada with a larynx chock full of 64 voices—and told him he might as well go back home and be content as a disc jockey in Smiths Falls.

"They told me I'd have to get into something else," he says. "They said 'No impersonator has ever made it. You can't become a star just doing impressions.' Well, here I am." Yes, here he is, the impersonator with his face on the cover of *Esquire* and his life story unfolding in the pages of *New York* magazine. His schedule is booked solid with $100,000 club dates and Johnny Carson guest spots, with a brand-new two-million-dollar, two-year contract for Las Vegas where Merv Griffin has hailed him as "the biggest smash" and the stars regularly turn up to see themselves aped at his shows like cultists burning fires at their very own shrine. "It's funny," he says, "how things come around."

Not that, for Rich Little, they haven't been long enough in the turning. Nothing points it up more than the small, pale dumpling of a man who sinks into the limousine seat beside him on the ride to the Mill Run Theatre, his once firm crooner's cheeks now slackened into loose flesh, his former spunky little child star's frame now sunk into paunch. In 1964 Mel Tormé was a production bigwig on the Judy Garland TV show and got Rich Little his start on American TV. It is a story Rich Little will tell more than 10 times on radio and TV talk shows over the next two days. How Mel Tormé had met him on a Canadian TV show called *Parade* and been so impressed he brought one of his voice tapes to La Garland, how he nagged and plugged and kept at her, until finally the rest was history—even if it was played at a slow tempo and with a bittersweet twist. Now, 11 years later, Mel Tormé is the opening act for Rich Little.

Still, on the Mill Run marquee Rich Little has insisted that both their names loom the same size, and inside at rehearsal it is difficult sometimes to make out who is the star and who is the supporting cast. Rich Little whips through his act with one eye constantly on the front row for reassurance. "Hey, Mel, hey, Mel," he calls out, racing through a pratfall for the third time when Tormé has let his glance wander. "Hey, Mel, get this," he beams, like some preschooler begging time for his cartwheels during an adults-only dinner party. But later his silly putty features lapse into High Seriousness as he rides back alone to the hotel for a chopped steak and a glass of milk, wholesome fare, nothing fancy. His mind is not on the food, but something else. What that something else is immediately becomes clear when he starts to massage his larynx. "I've got to get some rest," he says sombrely, riding up in the elevator. "I've got to get some rest for the Voice. I'm sure I'm gonna get a cold."

In the tiered womb of the Mill Run Theatre, Middle America has gathered. No dizzying glitter of furs, gowns and jewels in attendance, no blinding dazzle of demimonde chic here. No, this is more like one mad blaze of drip-dry polyester and wash-'n'-wear crimpolene. They stream down the aisles, overstuffed matrons in lime green pantsuits with dangly earrings, trailing plump expressionless kids behind them, conventioneers with name tags pinned to their no-iron plaid lapels and white plastic shoes. It is scarcely past suppertime but they all seem to be carting emergency supplies in case of famine, arms laden with potato chips, pretzels and candy bars, fleshy fingers balancing hot dogs and little cardboard trays of cocktails in plastic glasses. Even at the theatre, Middle America doesn't like to be without something to consume. They settle into their seats but there is no flurry of anticipation. They wait, chewing and swallowing with bored automatic mandibles, staring out with vacant hollow gazes that say, 'Amuse me."

Now as the houselights dim, they turn their eyes to the small circular stage in midtheatre where Rich Little bounds on in a red tuxedo. "Cute," clucks the woman beside me, showing an uncanny knack for summing up a situation. This little red tux with the vest attached; the white ruffled shirt undone to reveal the spiffy gold Sagittarius medal dangling high up on his collarbone above just enough bared chest—though nothing more daring than your average Rotarian would venture; the shiny white patent shoes. There is something about Rich Little that is so... clean. So... boyish! Looking at him here, rolling his



RICHARD PIERRE

Little contemplating Little: when he's not being somebody else, who is he?

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eyes when his stories verge on the naughty, bouncing into some delighted front-row housewife's lap, who would ever guess he was a man of 37 years? Offstage, it sometimes does not work quite so well. The face can take on a pinched look that is at war with the features. In the harsh light of day the hair can reveal too much telltale grey. But here, under the spotlights, it all comes together, the twinkling eyes, the puckish grin, the gleaming Buster Brown coiffure that his wife's sister still cuts and which he is so careful about that he never seems to step outside without shielding his curled bangs from the wintry blast. As Mel Bishop, his road manager, says watching from the sidelines, "Rich is the boy next door."

Mel Bishop says that right away folks can tell Rich Little is one of them, not stuck up, just an ordinary guy. "Everybody," he says, "likes Rich." Indeed, in the secret and all-powerful Q Ratings that are researched for TV networks to determine a performer's appeal—and ultimately his bankability in a series—Rich Little, who scored only twenty-second among comedians as far as being well known, nevertheless calibrated right up there in third spot behind Bob Hope and Carol Burnett when it came to likability. It so impressed NBC that they promptly rushed him into his own special last September, and now his own series, and if this audience is any gauge at all clearly they knew what they were doing. Here in the heart of corn country, Rich Little has them rolling in the aisles.

It is a good show. A pleasant and amusing show. Nothing brilliant, but then nothing disturbing either. I watch it for two nights straight and still laugh at all of the same coy lines. The voices are uncanny. The booming bump and grind of Tom Jones burling himself through *Delilah*, the moody croon of Bing Crosby, the nasal whine of W. C. Fields musing over Alcoholics Anonymous. "Ah yes, ah yes, that's where you go into a bar and don't have to give your name." But it is not until his takeoff of James Mason's speech to Judy Garland from *A Star Is Born* where Rich Little has Mason intoning adenoidally that in a career, "Talent is not enough... timing is everything," that it suddenly becomes clear just why Rich Little is so hot, so likable, so perfect a star in the showbiz firmament right now.

For in a time when America is so desperately groping to regain its own voice, it is perhaps not entirely insignificant that the hottest thing in entertainment should be a man with 164 voices. In a nation shorn of its innocence, shattered by Watergate and still reeling from a reality that has become at times too painful to confront, it may not be entirely inappropriate that a man who does imitations should suddenly find himself king. Rich Little is the purveyor of reality one step removed, of the good old days, time-capsuled and untarnished. He is the triumph of ersatz. James Stewart is old and sunken-cheeked now, John Wayne is fat and bald as a new peach under his toupé and cowboy hat, and Elvis Presley has become a paunchy overdressed caricature of himself. But through Rich Little they come sifted down, enshrined as one would like to have them, preserved without pain in time and memory. He brings a shell-shocked America its past without judgment, its shames and sorrows winnowed down to just good clean fun. Here, Gerald Ford becomes a harmless bumbler, wordlessly falling down the stage steps. Richard Nixon is reduced to a jowly used car salesman for Milhous Motors—"formerly Watergate Dodge—I have a little number here driven once by a little old lady from Whittier, Rose Mary Woods—one of the pedals is missing." No sting here, no bite, no quick clever twist of the knife—indeed, some critics rail, no wit at all. They carp that Rich Little is all style and no content—that he has gotten his voices down perfectly but then has nothing to say. But watching the standing ovation at the end of the show, all cheers and good-natured huzzas, I can only wonder: if Rich Little is saying nothing to America, then perhaps that is precisely what America wants to hear.

Rich Little has come down with a cold. At least it sounds like a cold. It is early the next morning and he struggles out to the limousine for a radio talk show like some sleepwalker in a baby-blue leather jacket, only grunting now and then in a feeble frightening wheeze. "The only voice I'm gonna be able to do today," he rasps glumly, "is the sound of shifting sand." But an hour later, by airtime, he has run through Orson Welles, John Huston and Walter Brennan, and is beginning to sound more like Rich Little—whatever that is. For two days I listen for the sound of his real voice and it eludes me. It dips and veers from low and nondescript to high, thin and nondescript. "My own voice is nothing that could be imitated," he admits. "It's what you call middle of the road." Singing in it, as he does onstage, he sounds suddenly unsure, sometimes downright flat. "I can hit some notes as Robert Goulet or Frank Sinatra that I can't in my own voice," he says. "Once I sang in my own voice and I heard this guy in the front row lean over to his wife and say, loud, 'Who's he doing, Myrtle? Is he doing Cagney?'"

For a long time he couldn't work up the courage to use Rich Little's voice at all. "I didn't feel comfortable about Rich Little," he says, "because I was doing other people's lines. I was uptight and nervous. I worried too much." Now he worries less, and he and his British-born wife, Jeanne, who once worked as Joey Bishop's secretary, write most of his material. "I had a little talk with myself and realized I had to get my own personality into the act," he says. "I wasn't giving the audience any of my own personality." Not that his own personality has always made a resounding impression. When his agent used to tell producers that Rich Little wanted to do something in his own voice for a change, he would find the producer suddenly asking, puzzled, "Does he have one?"

Nevertheless, Rich Little insists that he has never had an identity crisis—although there are those unkind enough to suggest that to have an identity crisis you have to first have an identity. A *Village Voice* reporter who set out to find the real Rich Little came back after one backstage meeting and a two-hour interview with the impression of "Nothing. no warmth, no strength, no lack of warmth, no lack of strength, nothing." For two days I try to probe beneath the nonstop showbiz anecdotes and talk show patter only to find yet more showbiz anecdotes and talk show patter. After one particularly long introspective silence, he finally offers up the insightful tidbit, "The two shows that have meant most to my career are *Johnny Carson* and *Hollywood Squares*." Mel Bishop provides no deeper clue. "Hmmm, what does Rich like to do?" he ponders. "Well he loves to sit out in the sun.... And he loves to buy shirts. If he has nothing to do, Rich goes shopping in town and buys shirts."

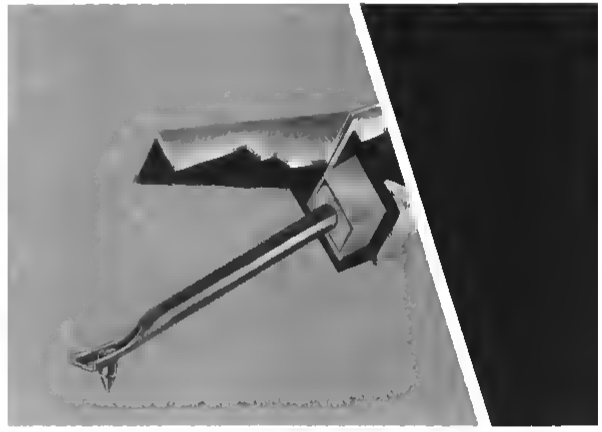
But mostly, it seems, Rich Little watches TV. The late show. The early show. All grist for the larynx. He spends hours studying the *TV Guide*, and when he can't attend to the task in person he sets his electric timers and video tape recorders back home in his Malibu Beach house to catch it for him.

It was the same when he was a kid growing up in Ottawa, the middle of three sons of a well-to-do doctor, when he gobbled up the movies greedily, begged to join the Little Theatre at age 12 and was always the ham at school. His room always overflowed with fan magazines and movie posters, film clips of his heroes and tapes of their inimitable tones. For if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Rich Little is the ultimate fan. After nearly 20 years in the business, he can still go on for hours about talking to Cary Grant over the phone, playing all the parts. "I mean, meeting Cary Grant—whew!" he boggles. "I still see some big stars and have to struggle to stay cool."

The very next day he will give up a free afternoon for the chance to meet Michael Caine on yet another TV talk show, scampering around him, grinning, impersonating, posing for a picture together like some awkward overeager spaniel. "I only do this for the love of the movies and the people," he says.

He shrugs off claims that he has no message, takes no exception whatsoever to the critics who say his political satire is about as barbed as a muffin. "I just treat politicians like I do Ed Sullivan or Howard Cosell—as interesting people with voices," he says. Nixon is the closest he comes to vicious, "and I try to keep Nixon as a little comic figure, not too biting or too cruel." Even three years ago when Nixon invited him to a San Clemente celebrity garden party and Debbie Reynolds flung him in front of the then President saying, "Rich is going to do you sir!" Rich Little shrank from the face-off. "I stood there and I noticed the more I scrunched up and huddled over and twisted my face, the more he did too. I kind of panicked. All the wonderful lines from my act, I thought, 'Oh, no.' I didn't have the nerve. And he just didn't seem to get it, didn't even crack a smile and turned and walked away." Rich Little was relieved. He had already had one bad experience when a routine on Lyndon Johnson got him lambasted by a New York columnist, canceled by the Copacabana and threatened by so many cranks that he hired two bodyguards. "I don't like to offend," he says. "I'm not brilliant with a high IQ. I'm no comic genius like Don Rickles. As for leaving people with some message or making them think—I absolutely don't. I only want to entertain, to make people laugh and forget for a while."

As I leave the King of the Impersonators stretched out on a couch in his hotel suite girding himself to help America forget, and still nursing his elusive cold, it suddenly strikes me: this whole bit about doing impressions, this whole question of having 164 identities and never, clearly, one of one's own—isn't there something terribly Canadian about it all?



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Bloody Sunday

ON FEBRUARY 22 SOMEBODY WILL EMERGE AS THE NEW LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY — OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT

By Ian Urquhart

On the night of February 19, in Ottawa's 9,355-seat Civic Centre, the Progressive Conservative Party will hold a "salute" for former prime minister John Diefenbaker. On the following night the party will hold a "testimonial" for Robert Stanfield. Two days later the Conservatives will choose a new leader. The very fact that they feel moved to say good-bye to not just one but two former leaders underlines the bitter dissension within the party. If Diefenbaker chooses "his" night to harangue the party one more time, it would signal a bloody conclusion to a leadership race that has already developed into a fierce clash between competing ideologies for control of the party. It would then be up to Stanfield on "his" night to pick up the pieces—if he can. If he can't, the fragile coalition that is the Conservative Party in 1976 could disintegrate, condemning the party to another decade of opposition, where it has spent 59 of the last 80 years.

ROY PETERSON

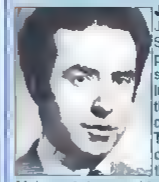


The Conservatives' internal divisions arose out of the last leadership convention in 1967 which dumped Diefenbaker and replaced him with Stanfield. Since that convention the various party factions have continued to evolve and harden into two wings—Diefenbaker's and Stanfield's—each representing totally different visions of where the party should be going. The two groups have been described as Right-wing and Left-wing, or Reactionaries and Red Tories, but while all labels are inadequate, it is probably more accurate to describe them as Diefenbaker Conservatives and Stanfield Conservatives. The Diefenbaker Conservatives, western-based and under the spiritual leadership of the Old Chief, swung hard to the right after Stanfield became leader. The group, which includes MPs Jack Horner and Sean O'Sullivan, opposed without exception all the moves of Trudeau's Liberals toward the Just (now New) Society: bilingualism, an increased government role in the marketplace and what it perceived to be "permissiveness." The Stanfield Conservatives, eastern-based and including such MPs as Flora MacDonald and Gordon Fairweather, formed a voice-of-moderation bloc in the party, rallying Conservatives behind such programs as bilingualism (over considerable internal dissent) and trying to hold the party in the centre of the political spectrum, closest to the greatest number of voters. It was a pragmatic, non-ideological approach and, with control of the leadership, the Stanfield people usually prevailed. They also took a responsible approach to opposition, not only denouncing government measures but proposing new or alternative policies of their own. This ran counter to the thinking of Diefenbaker, who once said, "The duty of the Opposition is to turn out the government."

The disastrous results of the 1974 general election, in which the Conservatives chose the "responsible" tactic of proposing a program (wage and price controls) as well as attacking the government's record on inflation, seemed to prove Diefenbaker right. Trudeau swept back to full power and Stanfield used up the last of his three chances. As a lame-duck leader Stanfield's influence began to wane after the election and the Diefenbaker Conservatives—most of them had retained their seats—began to gain the upper hand. Led by this group and sensing that a near-global right-wing backlash was taking place, the party has moved further and further to the right. It has opposed virtually every reform introduced by the Trudeau government, no matter how watered down (the Liberals too are quite aware of the rightward turn in thinking). In a series of lengthy and largely rhetorical debates in parliament, the Conservatives have fought the establishing of a government-owned petroleum corporation (Petro-Canada), the competition bill, legislation to end some anti-competitive practices in the marketplace (the *Time-Reader's Digest* bill, for example, would remove special tax privileges enjoyed by the two American-owned magazines) and, finally, wage and price controls, the policy they themselves



When the hurly-burly's done, ten will have lost and one will have won



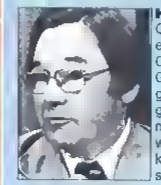
Joseph Clark, 36, Journalist and former Stanfield aide, MP for the past three years, representing the Alberta riding of Rocky Mountain; the party's environment critic; considered a Red Tory. As the youngest candidate in the field (by three months over Brian Mulroney), he is picking up votes from under 30 delegates who will number 750-odd at the convention. He is getting strong support in his home province and his ability to speak French should stand him in good stead in Quebec if Mulroney or Claude Wagner falter. He plans to spend about $175,000 in the campaign.



John Fraser, 44, Vancouver lawyer, MP for the past three years, the party's labor critic. He was considered a potential dark horse at the outset of the campaign because it was thought his middle-of-the road politics would appeal to both wings in the party. It hasn't worked out that way and it now appears he will be lucky to hold onto favorite son votes from BC. A campaign aide asked to name some prominent people backing Fraser could not think of anyone. He expects to spend about $100,000.



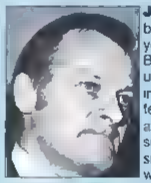
James Gillies, 51, Economist has represented Toronto's Don Valley riding for the past three years; the party's energy critic. His profession is suited to the times but he alienated many Stanfield Conservatives last year by publicly questioning Stanfield's leadership. And Diefenbaker Conservatives see him as a pointy-headed academic. His support is centred in Toronto and includes two prominent members of the city's Jewish community, former alderman David Rotenberg and jewelry store king Irving Gerstein, as well as former provincial attorney general Dalton Bales. He expects to spend about $160,000.



Heward Grafftey, 47, Quebec lawyer, first elected to the House of Commons in 1958. Grafftey is fluently bilingual and considered a good constituency man—both assets which have helped him keep his Eastern Townships seat in Liberal Quebec. But his frantic style and his eclectic thinking (very liberal on social issues and decidedly right-wing on economic issues) have not endeared him to the delegates. He cannot name a prominent backer although he says: "The little guy's support is just as important as anybody else's." He expects to spend about $75,000.



Paul Hellyer, 52, Former Liberal first elected to the House of Commons in 1949, first appointed to the cabinet in 1957. Hellyer is clearly the most experienced candidate in the field, the oldest of the official candidates and perhaps the most intelligent. But, as columnist Charles Lynch put it, he is carrying "a lot of political baggage" with him into the convention. Not all Conservatives are willing to forget Hellyer's attacks on them when he was a Liberal, his efforts to launch his own party (Action Canada) and his crusade to unify the armed forces when he was defense minister. With MPs Sean O'Sullivan and Tom Cossitt, founders of the Chateau Cabinet, publicly backing him there has been speculation about the Chief's support but Diefenbaker has not said so—yet. Hellyer expects to spend about $175,000.



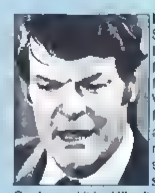
John Horner, 48, Alberta rancher, MP for 17 years, the party's Wheat Board critic. Horner is unremittingly right wing in his outlook and a Diefenbaker loyalist. He has attracted considerable support from prairie dissidents and should do well on the first ballot. Also backing him are Alberta energy minister Don Getty and Dick Bonnycastle, chairman of Harlequin Books. But Horner probably threw away any chance of winning when he publicly criticized all his opponents. He refuses to say how much he plans to spend and says any candidate that does give an estimate is "stupid or lying."



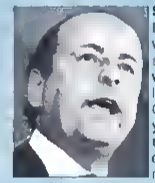
Flora MacDonald, 49, Backroom party worker in the 1960s, MP for Kingston for the past three years. MacDonald has benefited from widespread publicity as the only woman in the field and can expect considerable support from both party rank-and-file and from Stanfield Tories. She is also looking to the expected 600 women delegates for support. Diefenbaker Tories however are strongly opposed to her. Her supporters include Toronto lawyer and longtime Tory operator Eddie Goodman and, implicitly, New Brunswick premier and old friend Richard Hatfield. She expects to spend about $150,000.



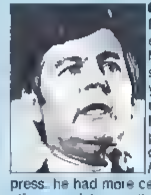
Brian Mulroney, 36, Montreal lawyer, former member of Quebec's Cliche commission on violence and corruption in the construction trade unions. Mulroney is fluently bilingual and an attractive new face and, although he has never been elected to public office, his candidacy has attracted widespread support including that of Don McDougall, president of Labatt's, Jacques Courtois, chairman of the Montreal Canadiens, Alan Eagleson, hockey lawyer and president of the Ontario Conservatives and Claude Dupras, president of the Quebec Tories. His treasurer refuses to say how much Mulroney plans to spend and denies widespread rumors that Power Corp. is bankrolling the campaign. Power Corp. head Paul Desmarais has been solicited for funds, however.



Patrick Nowlan, 44, Son of former Diefenbaker minister George. Nowlan represented Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley for 11 years. Nowlan's friendly style is attractive, but underneath there is not much substance. He has little support outside Nova Scotia and it is difficult to understand why he is running. He expects to spend about $125,000.



Sinclair Stevens, 49, Former Bay Street wheeler-dealer who, among other ventures, was in on the start of the ill-fated Bank of Western Canada. MP for three years, Stevens made his mark with his brash criticism of government financial affairs and is now his party's finance critic. He advocates a small-c conservative economic approach including deep cuts in government spending and he opposes government interference in the marketplace. He has eight MPs, mostly right wingers, backing him and he's impressing delegates around the country. But in the Toronto area, where his riding is and which should be his power base, he is seen by many as a bit of a buccaneer because of his performance on Bay Street. He plans to spend up to $175,000.



Claude Wagner, 50, Former Quebec (Liberal) justice minister; Montreal-area Conservative MP for three years. Wagner has made little impact on national politics as his party's foreign affairs critic. Nonetheless, as *Maclean's* went to press, he had more caucus support than any other candidate with 12 MPs—mostly right-wingers—from five provinces and the Yukon backing him. Outside the caucus he has drawn support from a variety of Conservatives with different images, including Toronto publisher Doug Bassett, son of John W. Bassett and brother of Johnny F.—and former Stanfield aide Hugh Segal (now working for Ontario's Bill Davis). Paul Weed, a former operator in Davis' Big Blue Machine, is running Wagner's campaign. He expects to spend up to $150,000.

A number of others have said they will run but none of them has any chance of winning and, as *Maclean's* went to press, none had qualified for official candidate status.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CP / DREW GRAGG · JULIEN LEBOURDAIS · HAROLD ROSENBERG

had advocated just 18 months before

Within the Conservative caucus the so called "Chateau Cabinet" of right-wing MPs devised ways of aiming the party even further toward the right While Diefenbaker himself did not attend any of its meetings (he does not even attend regular meetings of the caucus he's boycotted it since Stanfield was elected leader) Sean O'Sullivan a close Diefenbaker confidant was instrumental in its establishment The Chateau Cabinet (so named for its seminal meeting at the Chateau Laurier Hotel) has not formally supported any single candidate for the leadership but most of the "Chateau ministers" are out campaigning for one or another of the right-wingers. They have several prime candidates to choose from including MPs Claude Wagner Sinclair Stevens and Jack Horner and former MP and (Liberal) cabinet minister Paul Hellyer From the tone of the meetings with delegates there is every chance one of those four will be elected For one thing the Conservatives, because they have been in opposition so long have attracted more than their share of malcontents to their ranks many of these will be delegates, and they want a leader who will say the things they believe and not sacrifice principle to pragmatism With more than 1 500 of the elected 2 600 delegates selected by local riding associations (and presumably representing grass-roots feelings) these dissident voices could be heard as they have never been heard before at a Canadian political convention

The Stanfield Conservatives, with an equally large contingent of candidates in the field (including Flora MacDonald MP Joe Clark and Montreal lawyer Brian Mulroney) are growing alarmed at the trend to the right as the convention draws near "It's not just a revolt against change," says one Stanfield Tory "It's a revolt against the politician, the operator, the compromise It may seem in tune with the times now but will it be the same in 1978 when we have to fight an election?"

Flora Isabel MacDonald is speaking to about 35 delegates alternates and hangers-on in the basement of a motel just outside Dalhousie on New Brunswick's north shore Her audience is rock-ribbed small-town Conservative Many of them are elderly They sit in stony silence while she praises the virtues of "hard work self reliance and thrift" She is trying to project an austere image but her audience sees right through it to the bleeding heart that lies beneath (Just prior to this meeting for example she had taken an hour out of her campaign schedule to call on a Micmac Indian chief who wanted help in obtaining a government grant) After she has finished speaking the audience probes her with questions searching out weaknesses where does she stand on hanging? (She's opposed) On bilingualism? (In favor) Finally comes the cruncher is she or isn't she a left-winger a Red Tory? "If to be left-wing means to be concerned about people in the country who are disadvantaged or who are discriminated against," she says "then sure I'm left-wing But don't put me in a box I also believe in hard work"

MacDonald does not have to apologize to any Conservative for her views She has supported the party all her adult life and has spent the past 20 years actively toiling in its vineyards Since 1956 when she worked for the reelection of Premier Hugh John Flemming's government in New Brunswick she has participated in 36 elections at the federal and provincial level After the New Brunswick election MacDonald a devoted follower of Diefenbaker in those days went to Ottawa where she soon wound up running the party's national headquarters But in 1966 Diefenbaker suspecting her of disloyalty had her fired Today as she seeks the leadership of the party she still encounters the opposition of Diefenbaker Conservatives Personal matters aside she's dismayed and a little confused with Diefenbaker's shift to the right "When I first knew him he was a fighter for justice and the rights of the dispossessed I don't know what happened"

Needless to say MacDonald rejects labels such as "free enterprise party" for the Conservatives "Her" party stands for both individual initiative and collective responsibility a mixture of capitalism and socialism She believes government must occasionally and necessarily intervene to protect the disadvantaged and the Canadian economy and identity And she is probably truer to the principles of John A. Macdonald whose old constituency of Kingston she now represents than any other candidate in the race But there are few in the party today who share her perspectives the Tories have swung against government intervention and nationalism (taking over roles once traditionally Liberal) On the *Time Reader's Digest* bill for example, she was one of only two Tories to vote with the government After her New Brunswick speech a delegate mused "Flora's all right, I guess But we're moving to the right and she's left It's as simple as that"

All is not lost for MacDonald however She is running an imaginative campaign (instead of sending a glossy pamphlet to delegates, she sent long-playing records with extracts from her taped interviews and speeches) and she is getting a lot of media attention perhaps more than any other candidate, by virtue of being the first woman to be a serious contender for leadership of one of Canada's major parties (As the only woman candidate, she should have first call on many of the votes of the 600 or so women delegates expected at the convention—although this advantage may be offset by an equal number of male chauvinists who would never vote for a woman) Finally she may appeal at the grass roots level riding a wave of what columnist Richard Gwyn calls "the anti-bureaucratic populism" that is sweeping the continent If enough delegates are touched by that phenomenon she should have a slight edge over other Stanfield Conservatives in the field including Joe Clark and Brian Mulroney

Joseph Napoleon Claude Wagner is speaking to a ballroom full of about 250 delegates at Toronto's St Lawrence Town Hall While they sip Canadian wine—provided free—he tells them he believes in "old-fashioned" policies And they cheer Later, he lists some of those policies in quick succession, giving the impression of "a-man-who-will-take charge" once installed as prime minister Played back later however, those policies do not amount to much more than a bureaucratic shuffle split off the bilingualism program from the Treasury Board and give it to the Secretary of State's department to manage bring together the Department of Justice and the Ministry of the Solicitor General, permit the provinces to appoint 40% of the Senate and send out a short summary of government expenditures to taxpayers each year along with their income tax forms But the delegates do not seem to notice the threadbare content They cheer again when he calls himself an "unhyphenated" Canadian a direct throwback to Diefenbaker who coined the phrase Some delegates are nonetheless impressed and afterward muttered praises such as "he has presence" or "he looks like a leader" are heard Not from everyone

When the Diefenbaker Conservatives were casting around for a candidate for leader last year Claude Wagner emerged as the perfect man Wagner owned a "law 'n' order" image from his days as a Crown prosecutor, judge and Liberal Minister of Justice in Quebec He was known as the "hanging judge" (although he never actually sentenced anyone to hang) Here surely was a right-winger who could win To top it off he was French, a fact to belie all that nasty talk about the right-wing being anti-French (It might also help win a few seats in Quebec) With his image and a head start of 400 delegate votes from Quebec Wagner looked like a shoo-in for the leadership But things haven't quite worked out that way

For starters, Wagner became uncomfortable with his image He rejects the label "right-wing," as unequivocally as Flora MacDonald rejects the left-wing tag hung on her. During a recent breakfast with reporters Wagner went to great lengths to show he is also a man of compassion, relating stories of the criminals he had given breaks to when they came before

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him as a judge because he felt they had suffered enough. In front of delegates he has toned down his support for capital punishment—a favorite panacea in right-wing circles—by cautioning them not to think crime will disappear as soon as one man is hanged. "You must eliminate poverty to eliminate crime," he says in an outburst of liberal thought. This could be interpreted as an appeal for votes from moderates by a man who is quite sure of his right flank. But Wagner has other, more serious problems to face as he chases delegate votes, not the least of which, it is sad to report, is that he is French.

The mood of the delegates outside Quebec is decidedly anti-French. The French Canadian has become a scapegoat for uneasy people in uncertain times. At a meeting with delegates in Timmins for example Wagner was subjected to more than an hour of abuse when he tried to defend the federal government's bilingualism program. One woman told him he was "sick," and a man summed up Wagner's views in one word: "horseshit." Even among Wagner's supporters there are anti-French elements. For example, John Reynolds, a right-wing British Columbia MP, though he's working for Wagner, he's also backing a petition to keep French-language television off the air in Vancouver. There are other liabilities too. Unlike MacDonald, who has fought election campaigns in most parts of the country and seems to know somebody everywhere she goes, Wagner does not know the country that well nor is he well acquainted with the membership of the Conservative party which he joined only a little more than three years ago.

Wagner also seems slow in catching on to the wave of resentment against bureaucracy, government and extravagance. He dresses expensively (a fur coat is part of his wardrobe), carries himself in an aloof manner, and tends to use the royal "we" in speech. When asked by a radio interviewer if he would eschew the use of a limousine if elected prime minister, he dismissed such gestures as "con jobs." To help raise money for his campaign, he was planning a $1,000-a-plate 10-course dinner at Montreal's Ritz-Carlton hotel. This is the sort of profligacy Conservatives have come to associate with Trudeau, and considering the way Tories feel about Trudeau the association can do nothing but hurt Wagner. (Wagner canceled the dinner shortly after announcing it, salvaging some image.)

But most damaging of all to Wagner has been the publicity concerning the $300,000 trust fund set up for him by the party after he left the bench to reenter politics in 1972. Wagner defends his use of the fund by pointing to similar funds set up for Lester Pearson and other political leaders as a form of security when they took on the risks of political life. But politicians are supposed to be squeaky clean in the post-Watergate era, and while the fund, with its anonymous donors, may be entirely proper, it doesn't look entirely proper. Coupled with that is the dispute over whether or not Wagner lied to the public in September 1972, when in announcing his candidacy in the upcoming federal election he declared: "I have no need of, I have not asked for, nor have I ever been offered any pension fund or financial compensation." Wagner insists his statement was true at the time that the fund was set up only *after* the October election in 1972 and that discussions before the election dealt in vague terms only with his desire for "security." He says further questions should be directed to Stanfield or Mulroney. (Both had worked on him to run for the Conservatives in 1972.) To that Mulroney replies: "Don't ask me—ask the guy who got the 300 grand." The dispute has contributed to a falling-out between Stanfield Tories and Wagner who mutters darkly these days about "smear attempts" against him.

These liabilities have brought Wagner back closer to the pack in the leadership race now crowded on the right side with Paul Hellyer and Sinclair Stevens among others. And although the pundits have been forecasting a final ballot showdown between MacDonald and Wagner, representing the two wings in the party as much as themselves, it could just as easily be Mulroney vs. Hellyer.

Of the whole field, Mulroney, the 36-year-old Montreal lawyer, is by far the freshest face once a liability ("inexperienced") but today almost a definite asset in politics. "In the television age leaders are consumed very quickly," says University of Toronto professor Paul Fox, the dean of Canadian political scientists. "It is now a disadvantage to have been round for a long time." With youth, good looks, a gorgeous 22-year-old pregnant wife and fluent French (he is one of only three perfectly bilingual candidates, the others are Wagner and Heward Grafftey although Clark and Hellyer make a good effort), Mulroney is the perfect candidate for what one opponent describes derisively as the "soap salesmen types." The fact that he has never been elected to public office is quite irrelevant in such considerations. So is policy. Mulroney qualifies as a Stanfield Tory by prior association (he helped dump Diefenbaker and then worked for Davie Fulton's leadership before switching to Stanfield on the deciding ballot), but when it comes down to specific policy positions he is largely an enigma. Says one Quebec Tory who has known Mulroney all his adult life: "I couldn't tell you where Brian stands on any issue." For all these reasons, Diefenbaker Conservatives are highly suspicious of Mulroney and call him "Dalton Camp's candidate." Several others have been called that at one time or another, but the label seems to be sticking to Mulroney even though he hasn't seen Camp for several years. Camp, of course, is the former party president who masterminded the dumping of Diefenbaker and then helped put Stanfield in. Diefenbaker Conservatives do not like Camp. Indeed, they have been known to describe him as a "malignant tumor." Camp calls them "neo-Fascists."

Unfortunately for the Diefenbaker Tories still lusting for what's left of Dalton's scalp, Camp isn't working for anyone. His only connection with this convention will be that of commentator on the CTV network.

The only person who seems able to bridge the Diefenbaker and Stanfield wings of the party is Alberta premier Peter Lougheed, a Westerner with eastern tendencies. But despite seemingly undying attempts by many Conservatives to try to draft him into the race, he continues to be a non-candidate. Lougheed says he feels his first commitment is to Alberta, which re-elected him as premier less than a year ago. But his friends say that is not the only reason for his reluctance. They say he views the federal Conservative party, with all its infighting and backstabbing, as a dubious prize at this point and prefers to wait a few years before entering the fray. Should he have a sudden change of mind, he has until 9 p.m. on February 19, the deadline the party has set for the filing of candidates' papers.

With Lougheed out, chances are the delegates will vote with their hearts not their heads and do what the Republicans did in 1964: choose a candidate who satisfies their ideological whims of the day—a Goldwater. And that could spell disaster for the Tories now as it did for the Republicans then. "Muddled ideology has been the hallmark of Canadian politics from the year one," says Professor Fox. "I just don't believe that in a country as diverse and complicated as Canada that any party with a simplistic ideology can win. For one thing, I don't think an ideological party can successfully fight a non-ideological party and the Liberals will remain non-ideological. That's their stock in trade."

The making of a media event

CTV

While it wouldn't be fair to suggest that the Conservative leadership convention was designed to accommodate the television networks, it wouldn't be quite accurate to suggest that it wasn't. For instance, the voting is taking place on a Sunday instead of the traditional Saturday—against the wishes of some of the more devout-Christian Tories—so there won't be a conflict with *Hockey Night in Canada*. Both CBC and CTV successfully pressured the convention organizers to make sure John Diefenbaker's opening speech on Thursday, February 19, did not run later than 9 p.m. when it would cut further into lucrative prime-time programming. (Members of the party's executive were reluctant to tell Diefenbaker about the 9 p.m. stipulation, lest he see it as a plot against him by the Stanfield forces. Eventually MP Don Mazankowski, who's trusted by both sides, performed the deed.) Both networks were in on the early planning stages of the convention and were instrumental in holding down the number of candidates (despite speculation of 20 candidates, there will likely be 11, the same as in 1967) and the length of time each candidate will have to impress the delegates—20 minutes maximum, inclusive of nominating speeches, spontaneous demonstrations and personal remarks.

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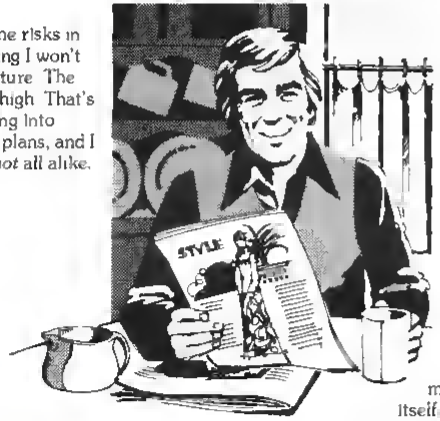
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The World

MR. MacEACHEN GOES TO PARIS . . . AND CAIRO . . . AND TEL AVIV . . .

The trip had not been billed as one of great significance by either the Prime Minister or the External Affairs department. Even the Armed Forces plane—an outdated two-engine turbo prop Cosmopolitan—chosen to fly External Affairs Minister Allan MacEachen on his tour through five Middle East countries before taking him to Paris, reflected the downbeat approach Ottawa seemed to prefer. Yet as he arrived in the French capital to act as co-chairman of the 27-nation International Conference on Cooperation there was little doubt that MacEachen's performance—or lack of it—at the meeting could have international significance.

At stake was the critical issue of future economic cooperation between the OPEC countries, 14 developing states and the industrial nations which included Canada, the U.S., Japan and the nine European Common Market countries. Although the two-day meeting was convened only as a curtain-raiser to establish an agenda and procedures for a year-long dialogue on the contentious issues of energy and raw material, the threat of a destructive deadlock developed once again, with nations aligning themselves against their richer neighbors on a host of issues.

The conference format had been hammered out on the basis of compromise. Originally conceived by U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger as a way to negotiate long-term agreements on oil prices with OPEC countries, it was expanded out of all recognition by Third World and Arab nations which demanded that the conference deal with development aid and monetary matters as well. Their strategy was obvious: by enlarging the mandate developing nations could throw their demands for more aid on the floor and use the oil price issue as an effective lever to prod generous reforms from the industrial states.

To that end Third World delegates insisted that the working committees considering the energy resources development and monetary matters be given firm guidelines and a precise timetable, thus preventing any delay in pushing for reform. The developed countries wanted a more flexible timetable. Implicitly at least, MacEachen acted as a moderator and before the meeting ended an important diplomatic hurdle had been cleared: the OPEC countries finally agreed to abandon their position that oil prices be tied or indexed to the prices of the industrial goods they must import; the oil producers promised to find "other appropriate methods" of offsetting their own inflationary problems (the conflict over agendas and timetables was deferred, allowing the committees to begin their rounds of meetings this month). Thus MacEachen and his co-chairman Manuel Perez-Guerrero of Venezuela, got most of the credit for getting the conference off to a promising, if shaky, start.

His earlier 10-day tour of the Middle East aroused no such consensus. MacEachen gave no real reasons for his whirlwind visits to Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Iraq and Israel, but if the trip did not rank as a diplomatic landmark it did enable the minister and his 10-man delegation to test reactions to Ottawa's Middle East policy. In Jordan, King Hussein described Canada as "at the head of the list" of the world's peacekeeping nations. When he met with Egypt's Anwar Sadat (he was forced to cancel a visit with the 650 Canadian soldiers serving with the UN to keep the appointment), MacEachen used the occasion to announce that Canada would contribute one million dollars toward rebuilding the Suez Canal and to reassure Sadat that Ottawa is considering adding Egypt to its list of 60 nations that receive Canadian aid. Canada's refusal to recognize the Palestine Liberation Organization was discussed at every meeting, but MacEachen said afterward: "I was not convinced by any of the arguments I heard about the PLO."



MacEachan in the Middle East: making nice with the Arabs

That position seemed to satisfy Israel's Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and Foreign Minister Yigal Allon, both naturally apprehensive about MacEachen's friendly foray into Araby. As one senior official put it: "Israel does not oppose friendly relations with any country in the Arab world as long as it is not done at Israel's expense. We have no reason thus far to think that Canada will cause us any particular problem on that score." As if to underline that philosophy, MacEachen's Israeli hosts informed him that Israel would attend the UN Habitat meeting in Vancouver this June even though PLO delegates will also be there.

MacEachen's tour and his neutral role in Paris, almost coinciding with Pierre Trudeau's trip to Mexico, Cuba and Venezuela, indicated that Canada's indifferent approach to developing nations of the Third World has undergone a dramatic change. As recently as two years ago the Prime Minister reflected Ottawa's isolationist philosophy when a heckler at an election rally shouted "What about the Third World?" and Trudeau replied, "What about the seventh inning?"

Now it appears to be a new ball game with Ottawa looking with sensitivity to the

Quintuple, quintuple toil and trouble

As doctors at Rotterdam's Sophia Children's Hospital rolled 32-year-old Mrs Joke Den Outer into the obstetrical operating room they were genuinely concerned. Childless after 10 years of marriage their patient had taken hormone treatments to improve her chances of conception and then had unexpectedly gone into labor seven weeks before her due date. Within the hour the doctors' concern changed to delight. Mrs Den Outer, beating medical odds estimated at 500 million to one, had given birth to three boys and two girls, thus presenting Holland with its first surviving quintuplets. But within days the Den Outers were in the centre of a national controversy that had more to do with issues of morality than birth.

The row developed when the paterfamilias Hendrik Den Outer, a 34-year-old tire salesman, reacted to his quintuplets' birth with the reflexes of an experienced impresario. Either ignorant or forgetful of the issue of exploitation that surrounded Canada's Dionne quintuplets 41 years before, Den Outer immediately hired two lawyers to negotiate contracts. Within hours of their birth the father had sold exclusive rights to the quintuplets' story and pictures to a right-wing paper in Amsterdam. Then Den Outer told his attorneys to find out and find the highest bidder among Holland's women's weeklies as well as manufacturers who wished to cash in on his blessing. But by selling the exclusive story to an out-of-town paper at the other end of the political spectrum and openly exploiting the quints' birth, Den Outer outraged Rotterdam's socialist media. The city's leading paper launched its attack on him with an article called *The Horror Story Of The Dionne Quints*, prophesying a grim future for the infants if the glare of publicity and commercialism continued. Links were made between Den Outer's activities and the open promotion of the Dionne children that finally resulted in the Ontario Legislature passing an act in 1935 making Canada's quintuplets wards of the province. The press attack spurred hospital authorities to defy the exclusive rights to the story by issuing a stream of communiqués on the infants' health while banning all photographers—including staffers from the Amsterdam paper which had paid for picture rights. Dutch law can make the infants wards of the court if exploitation is proven and the Den Outers, aware of this, have stopped talking to anyone.

Meanwhile the premature infants whose birth weights ranged from a fraction less than three pounds to three pounds 10 ounces have survived the critical first weeks and are gaining weight. Hospital authorities were suggesting that the quintuplets might be strong enough to leave the hospital within two months and accompany their parents to the family home in the market gardening town of Gravenhage. SUE MASTERMAN

drive by countries in the Middle East and South America as they strive for a greater share of global wealth. The means to that goal, based on the concept of OPEC that Venezuela originated, is higher prices for raw materials and energy bought by rich nations such as Canada. Trudeau's trip as well as MacEachen's tour underlined Canada's support for the principle of a new economic order involving reform and aid—as long as the price is not high unemployment and inflation in the industrialized countries. BERNARD KAPLAN

WASHINGTON

The left hand of God

Senator Mark Hatfield expected little opposition to his bill coming as it did on the heels of revelations of the Central Intelligence Agency's plots to assassinate foreign leaders and of its involvement with the Mafia. All it did, after all, was forbid the CIA to involve missionaries and other clergymen abroad in its spying activities. But when Hatfield introduced the bill last month he was rebuked in rapid succession by both President Gerald Ford and outgoing CIA chief William Colby.

"The President does not feel it would be wise at present to prohibit the CIA from having any connection with the clergy," wrote Philip Buchen, Ford's counsel. "Clergymen throughout the world are often valuable sources of intelligence and many clergymen, motivated solely by patriotism, voluntarily and willingly aid the government by providing information of intelligence value." Added Colby: "In many countries in the world representatives of the clergy, foreign and local, play a significant role and can be of assistance to us through the CIA with no reflection upon their integrity nor their mission."

The letters reflected a major problem within the agency, now that a succession of congressional inquiries have stripped American spies of their cloaks and all but deprived them of their daggers. The inquiries have provided every anti-American faction from Lima to Lisbon, from Auckland to Ottawa, with a ready-made guide on how to spot the spies attached to American embassies abroad. The agency is now looking for new "covers" for its agents and the rumor is that the new generation of spies will be concealed as businessmen, journalists and clergymen.

The CIA's problem in covering up the identity of its agents is rooted in a sloppy technique the Americans adopted when the agency was formed in 1947 and which they have been compounding ever since. At that time, it was decided to plant the majority of agents in U.S. embassies with a "light" cover title to conceal their real functions. But it was embarrassingly easy to pinpoint the CIA men in any embassy by consulting the State Department's biographical register—known as the "stud book"—and checking embassy personnel against it. The real diplomats were obvious because their records showed they had attended diplomatic schools would probably have worked in the State Department and followed an organized and logical career pattern. By contrast the agents' "background" was often clumsily contrived. Their embassy titles of "adviser" or "counselor," for example, sounded spurious and their career records often reflected gaps and curious shuffles from one posting to another. In friendly countries such as Canada, where American agents openly liaise with the host nation's intelligence service, the weakness of the cover didn't matter much. But for those agents working in more turbulent areas the weak "cover" could have fatal consequences as it did for Richard Welch, the CIA's station chief in Greece, who was murdered shortly after his identity was revealed by an Athens newspaper.

If Washington rumors are correct the agency's new director, George Bush, will reduce the number of operatives working in foreign countries. Some agents will be recalled and replaced by genuine diplomats; others particularly station chiefs, will go into "deep cover." These men will be given fresh identities and will use a business or professional career for their identity. Some indication of how the CIA accomplishes this was given in congressional testimony by a senior partner of a respected Washington law firm. A few years ago he was approached by a bright young lawyer who asked if he could use the established name of the firm to open an international practice in Athens. Impressed with his credentials and sincerity, the senior partner signed an agreement authorizing use of the name. It was only when the office mysteriously closed down in 1973 that he learned the young lawyer was in reality a CIA spy and that his firm's name had been ruthlessly used as an agency "front."



'Are you running with me, Jesse?'

Another technique the CIA has used has been to employ American journalists working abroad to extract information. Colby has admitted that at one time there were 36 journalists working abroad on his payroll. He claims there are none now but says the agency still uses freelance reporters to gather information. BILL LOWTHER

ITALY

Better Red than . . .?

For almost the whole of January, Italy's non-Communist politicians squabbled furiously, unable either to resurrect the last coalition government or to form a new one. Even the disastrous plunge of the lira on international exchanges to its lowest level since World War II and personal pleas from Italian President Giovanni Leone failed to put an end to what was by common consent Italy's most serious postwar political crisis. By the end of the month with the Christian Democrats and the Socialists showing no signs of being able to reconcile the differences that led to the collapse of Italy's thirty-second postwar government it appeared that the only solution would be to call an election in late spring.

It is an election that could change the political face of Italy. After 29 years in opposition to the Christian Democrats the Communists are within striking distance of grabbing a share of power and possibly displacing the Christian Democrats as Italy's largest political party. The Communists have been gaining ground steadily as the other political parties have stumbled from crisis to crisis in recent years. And they have done so by avoiding revolutionary rhetoric and projecting a moderate and thoughtful approach to Italy's many problems. The Communists' behavior during the current crisis was typical: where they might have been expected to demand the dissolution of the assembly, they claimed instead that they had no desire for an early general election and called for a government that would take strong measures to solve the country's economic woes.

By maintaining a low-key and responsible posture, by proclaiming their independence from Moscow and their preparedness to work within a democratic system, the Communists have seen their portion of the popular vote increase steadily in every election since 1948, the year after they were thrown out of power. Last year during the local elections one out of every three Italians voted for them. Their popular vote totaled 11 million and was enough to put them in power municipally in every major industrial city in northern and central Italy, except Rome.

Much of the credit for the current popularity of the party rests with its leader, 53-year-old Enrico Berlinguer. A thoughtful Sardinian who prefers the quiet of his office to the limelight of the political platform, he is the antithesis of the flamboyant, hot-tempered politician Italians are accustomed to. In a country noted for political corruption Berlinguer has also been successful in projecting an image of honesty for his party. In the local elections the party ran on the simple but effective slogan "Our hands are clean." The party also goes to great pains to publicize its funding and identify its supporters.

Berlinguer lives in a modest apartment provided by the party outside Rome and receives a small salary as party leader in addition to his pay as a member of parliament. But in common with all other Communist deputies he hands over half of his parliamentary pay to the party and supports his wife (a practising Roman Catholic) and four children with a net income of approximately $700 a month. To the cynical Italian voter all too familiar with the open and continuing scandals involving covert CIA funding and big business bribes to government the Communists' "open book" approach is unique and comforting.

The party's biggest handicap is Moscow. Voters are worried that if the Communists achieved a majority they would promptly take Italy into the Soviet bloc even though Berlinguer is at great pains to emphasize that he has no intention of allowing Italy to become a satellite state. On the basis of the party's past performance his pledge seems reasonable. Italy's Communist party denounced Soviet invasions of Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia 12 years later. The record also shows that Berlinguer faced the Soviet hierarchy in Moscow during a trip six years ago and boldly announced that the Soviet model of Communism "does not correspond and in part contradicts the type of socialist society which we are asking Italian workers to fight for." At a summit meeting with leaders of the French and Spanish Communist parties only three months ago Berlinguer helped draft a joint communiqué that opposed "all foreign interference" with the parties in France and Italy.

The Communists' other major handicap is closer to home: the Vatican is so alarmed at the party's rising popularity that it has recently stepped up its anti-Communist campaign after years of relative noninterference in domestic politics. Pope Paul instructed the Italian Bishops Conference to make it clear to Catholics that a Communist vote could not be given with a clear conscience.

Because of the fragmentation of parties in the Italian political system Berlinguer knows that the only way the Communists can possibly control government in the near future is in coalition with the Socialist party. Together they might rally almost half of the total vote in the next election. The immediate political destiny of the party is likely to be decided at this month's Congress of the Italian Socialist Party. There party leaders will decide if their future lies in an alliance with the Communists or with the Christian Democrats, with whom they have had a stormy but profitable relationship over the past decade. Whatever the Socialist decision is it is unlikely to blunt the Communists' rising fortunes if the Socialists decide to stick with the Christian Democrats it will only delay what most observers believe to be an inevitable Communist election victory a few years from now. DAVID WILLEY





Berlinguer, despite an otherwise simple lifestyle, is flanked (above) by a pair of bodyguards as he arrives at a Communist party rally in Rome. Leone (left) tried to save Italy's 32nd government since the war but failed

People

In his films as often as not **Eli Wallach** plays a grubby and despicable character, and, true to the myth the offscreen Wallach is a shy little guy Which is germane to his first meeting with **Meriangela Melato,** heroine of Lina Wertmuller's *Swept Away* and probably the biggest new Italian star since Loren Wallach was cast opposite Melato in a film with the working title *Beware The Clowns* He plays a wealthy, vicious Fascist she his mistress After five minutes on the set he was called on to caress her face with his hands then let them travel down her body over her breasts and belly, then jam a hand into her crotch He was fearfully embarrassed (he is, remember old school) but Melato seemed nonplussed The next day Wallach saw *Swept Away* and discovered why in the film Melato is mauled, molested and raped "Boy," Wallach said during a recent Canadian visit to do a CBC drama, "does that lady suffer for her art but not as much as I did when I had to defile her for mine"



Melato, Giancarlo Giannini in Swept Awey; that wes no lady...

Malcolm Bricklin, fresh from his less than remarkable success in revolutionizing the automobile industry with his "safe sports car for the average Joe"—the Bricklin—is aspiring to new if related heights these days Having left an ungrateful New Brunswick to fend for itself (*i.e.*, figure out a way to recover some of the $20 million it sank into that bottomless pit called Bricklin Canada) Bricklin has resurfaced in Scottsdale, Arizona, with a new invention that will uhhh revolutionize the transportation industry "The new engine" a press release enthuses "whose outstanding feature is exceptional fuel economy, is also lighter weight, more efficient and a less complex power plant than the engines presently being used" And "It will be less expensive to manufacture easier to maintain, and more flexible in application" Déjà-vu?



Bricklin: two for the road

The screen has produced some memorable villains—Richard Widmark in *Kiss Of Death* Jack Palance in *Shane* Robert Shaw in *From Russia With Love* —and joining the ranks this year is the unlikeliest of all a frail sexagenarian who is considered to be the finest living actor In *The Marathon Man* **Sir Laurence Olivier** plays Christian Szell who learned as a dentist in the Nazi death camps, that the fastest way to a man's information is through his teeth a theory he attempts to support by drilling through an unanesthetized incisor belonging to Dustin Hoffman Olivier completed *The Marathon Man*



Olivier / Moriarty: hiss! boo!

just in time to return to London to play the most celebrated villain in all of fiction the dread Moriarty in Nicholas Meyer's *The Seven Percent Solution*

The Prime Minister of the Bahamas **Lynden O. Pindling,** was in Toronto in mid-January visiting his children who attend school in Canada and conferring with the staff of his country's tourist bureau Just as he was about to board the plane for home he called aside one member of the staff, slipped him $60 (US) and admonished "Please get me some of those Olympic draw tickets."

The Bijouterie Cartier De Montreal is not where Elton John buys his baubles, nor is it the place where Richard Burton picked up that flawless 69-carat diamond for Elizabeth Taylor six years ago In fact princes potentates and pashas have rarely if ever, crossed **Mordoche Rouimi**'s modest threshold It's easy to get confused of course, Rouimi's store having the same name as the world's most famous and august jeweler—Cartier At least, that's how Cartier of New York feels about it, and that's why it has sent the Montreal "upstart" three lawyer's letters demanding he change his shop's name—and do it fast—because there can be only one Cartier in the jewelry business Rouimi says to hell with it that the shop was named Cartier when he bought it 10 years ago, and it was named Cartier 10 years before that Besides "Nobody owns a name and as far as 'Cartier' goes it's Canadian anyway What about Jacques Cartier?"

A few years ago **Cheriotte Gobeil** was probably best known (at least nationally) as the sister of Pierre Elliott Trudeau's girl friend Madeleine (this was pre-Margaret, no JFK stuff here) Today, with her own news show on Ottawa television she has developed into as much of a controversy as most of the subjects and people she tackles For instance during **Teddy Kennedy**'s visit to the capital Gobeil went after him at a press conference she asked him why he wasn't running for President and unsatisfied by the usual pat answers she pushed on "Was it because you promised your mother you wouldn't run?" Kennedy said it wasn't "Are you frightened somebody might shoot you?" Gobeil persisted Kennedy said he tried not to think about that A lot of the more traditional Press Gallery types grumbled about her cheekiness, but she dismissed them as "a bunch of boring slobs" The questions she asked, Gobeil insisted, were simply ones others wanted to ask but were afraid to And at least she did not ask Kennedy what she once asked ex Yippie Jerry Rubin—about the exact length of his penis



Gobeil: if the question fits, ask it

Sports

CAN BOSTON WIN WITHOUT BOBBY AND PHIL? CHECK THE STANDINGS

One of the rare visitors to leave Boston Garden a winner this season was a mouse Ken Hodge's son discovered in the Bruins' dressing room Presented to assistant trainer Frosty Forristall in an empty beer cup the mouse was spared and later released Which is considerably more humanity than visiting teams have received lately at the Garden The Bruins have lost fewer games than any team in the National Hockey League—excluding Montreal—have quietly assumed a position of relative comfort at the head of the Adams division and have already eclipsed last year's road record of 11 wins in 40 attempts "Call us a good grind team" says coach Don Cherry "We have an old system We never have any three on twos We fill the alleys and play a tight game"



Terry O'Reilly beats Tony Esposito (above) to Cherry's delight: the team's the thing



The Bruins' system used to be Orr and Esposito—period "Whenever we'd get in trouble we'd say 'Bobby will do it—or Phil will do it '" says third-year centre Andre Savard But Esposito was traded to New York in early November and the injured Orr has missed all but three weeks of the season The Bruins without Orr or Esposito people used to say would be more vulnerable than the state department without Henry Kissinger But they aren't "If somebody had told me last year we'd do this well without them, I'd have said he was crazy" confesses Hodge "But you have to consider we gained two fine hockey players too"

The two are defenseman Brad Park and centre Jean Ratelle who came to Boston with defenseman Joe Zanussi for Esposito and Carol Vadnais The Bruins were playing .500 when the deal was made From then to the end of January they played 806 (25-5-6) and Esposito's absence is being widely acclaimed as the chief reason "What people forget" says 17-goal scorer Bobby Schmautz, "is that Bobby Orr returned for the first game after the trade Once you get the momentum Bobby gave us, it's easier to carry on' But the Bruins have earned on impressively for nine weeks without Orr and Park who arrived overweight and out of shape is the offense's new quarterback In his first game with the Bruins he labored through a 45-second shift Now he's logging as much as 38 minutes a game and the infamous Garden gallery gods are nominating him for Norris Trophy consideration as the league's best defenseman Ratelle, meanwhile has reasserted his identity as one of the game's top playmakers

The Bruins themselves say their success is a result of teamwork but Cherry now in his second year admits "The trade changed everyone's attitude They figured if Phil and Carol can go anybody can go Now everybody gets the same amount of ice time" With Esposito that wasn't always possible It was more than his being a prolific goal scorer In one game last year he stayed on the ice for eight minutes while two sets of wingers changed

"We don't rely on individuals any more" adds captain John Bucyk a Bruin for 19 seasons "We have three lines scoring goals and we backcheck harder' Bucyk almost 41 and still the team's leading goal scorer, was earlier rumored to be in line for work modeling maternity clothes "I sent letters to everybody during the summer telling them what weight I expected them to report at' says Cherry Bucyk shed 15 pounds

So the big bad Bruins who once dominated the game with the dynamic scoring of Esposito and Orr have suddenly become the good little Bruins—dominating their division with togetherness Now they even let the mice go

BOB DUNN

The worst and the dullest

Two things—principally—set the Washington Capitals apart from other teams in the National Hockey League they can't shoot straight and they can't skate Such deficiencies can represent a severe liability in the game of hockey—as the Caps would no doubt attest They recently went 25 games without registering a single victory a three-month record-setting string broken only by a 7-5 triumph over the New York Rangers late last month Quipped Washington coach Tommy McVie (who replaced Milt Schmidt 14 games into the streak) "It was worse than having my wife commit adultery at least I could tell her to stop"

Expansion teams such as the Caps and the Kansas City Scouts (who also changed coaches last month after more than a dozen straight losses) are typically launched with fourth-class flotsam—arthritic veterans and immature unskilled rookies But the Caps in their two-year career in the NHL have set new benchmarks for incompetence They have had four coaches and two general managers They have won a mere 13 games, while losing 108 They have yet to win two consecutive games In 51 contests this season they have given up 262 goals—more than five goals a game—and beaten opposing netminders only 139 times "I don't want to hit 'em when they're down" says one NHL all-star ' but if that's a hockey team I'm a yellow-bellied sapsucker"



McVie: can anybody here play this game?

Off the ice the Caps have been no less a disaster Playing to fewer than 4 000 season ticket holders at Landover Maryland's Capital Centre the team lost one million

dollars last year. Caps owner Abe Pollin refuses to discuss details but, in spite of player salaries said to be among the lowest in the league, the team will probably lose another $750,000 this year.

The Caps have not been especially helped by front office moves. Young players such as Peter Sullivan, now with the WHA's Winnipeg Jets, and Dennis Maruk, now with the California Seals, were jettisoned because they were "too small." Both have since developed into promising talents. When, after just three wins in 38 games this year, coach and general manager Milt Schmidt was replaced, team president Peter O'Malley issued the understatement of the year: "We set certain goals, but Milt and I realized we weren't reaching these goals."

So did the players. "It only took me 10 minutes to get over leaving Washington," said Captain Bill Clement after being traded to the Atlanta Flames last month. "Just sitting on the bench here knowing you're actually in a hockey game is pleasant." Depressed by continuing losses, the Caps drank much and worked little. Players were often late for practice, which on game days consisted of a mere 20-minute drill in sweat suits.



Schmidt: a poor workman blames his...

McVie, 40, a native of Trail, BC, certainly won't make the Caps contenders, but he might get them to break the losing habit—at least once a month. A disciplinarian, he has driven the players into something resembling physical fitness, stepped up the pace of practices and, in the process won their respect. On the road, he regales them with stories from earlier days. (Without his false teeth, McVie can put a whole puck in his mouth. During one public practice session, while he was with the Bruins, he popped a puck into his mouth, fell to block a Bobby Orr slapshot, then spit out the puck. "You should have seen their faces.")

But McVie's problems in Washington and new coach Eddie Bush's problems in Kansas City go far beyond team discipline and fitness. What their disgraceful records again underline is the greed of the NHL owners who pocket the five-million-dollar franchise fee, and then blithely inflict this folly on the fans.

BILL LOWTHER

If Pete'n'Frank could only be a little more like Jean'n'Guy

Sports column by John Robertson

Le Club de Hockey Canadien (French must take precedence in Quebec under Bill 22) used to be big on slogans. Such stuff as "With failing hands we pass the torch"—since appropriated by the Montreal Olympic Committee. On those rare nights when they lose, it's so quiet in their dressing room you can hear an electric hair dryer drop. But the Flying Frenchmen era is on the wane. A plunging francophone birthrate, Dr. Henry Morgentaler, and NHL expansion have all taken their toll. I'll bet you didn't know the Canadiens led the league in Croatians when the brothers Mahovlich—Frank and Peter—toiled in twin harness.

Curiously, despite the fact that big Frank led Montreal to the Stanley Cup in 1970-71 with a record tying 14 goals and 13 assists in 20 play off games and averaged 37 goals in his next three seasons in Montreal, and despite the fact that little Peter—six-foot-five and still growing—has averaged 32 goals annually in his past four seasons and set a club record for assists (82) last year, Canadien fans have not exactly smothered them with affection. I once asked a French-Canadian sportswriter whether he thought Frank or Pete was the better player. You know what he said? "Neither."

The rap against the Mahovlich brothers seems to be that defeat rests as heavily on their shoulders as dandruff. They don't hang their heads after a loss as good Canadiens should. Once Les Habs were clobbered 2-1 by an expansion team on Forum ice. It was a four-towel job in the dressing room; but the Croats weren't participating. The team was headed on a western road trip with a two-day stop in Squaw Valley. When I walked into the room I could hear big Frank calling me over coach Scotty Bowman's sobs.

"Robertson," he shouted, "I've got an important question to ask you. You've been to Squaw Valley, right?"

"Right," I said.

"Should I take my overshoes?"

"I dunno." I said, my demonic mind recalling Bowman clutching his head in the adjoining office. "Why don't you ask Scotty?"

"Good idea," he said, heading toward Bowman's mortuary. "Hey, Scotty???"

Admittedly Frank does march to a different drum—even after the band stops playing. Peter? Well, his incisive analytical mind would prod him to cut a hole in the drum to see what made the boom. Frank is as a black-thatched swan. He could always skate circles around his peers in the NHL. The problem was that they became ever-increasing circles. On nights these circles took him in the same direction as the puck, he scored big. On other nights ... well at least his tracings in compulsory figures were more accurate than Karen Magnussen's. He scored 533 goals in the NHL without working up a sweat. But if he'd only sweated and scored a mere 100, he'd have been as popular in Montreal as, well, Jimmy Roberts.

Peter, by comparison, galumphs about the ice like a St. Bernard. The keg around his neck is optional. He used to skate two full strides faster than he could think, but then bad knees slowed him down a bit and everything was in sync. Now, he is the best hockey player on the hottest team in the NHL. But try and tell the fans that. Last year, surpassing Jean Béliveau's assist record, he was ridiculed for being a puck hog, and had the A (for assistant captain) ripped off his sweater because he was leading the players into places that had diving boards strapped on the martinis. This season Peter's challenging for the scoring lead and was chosen MVP in the league's all-star game. Yet he'll be measured for goat horns if anyone but Canadiens win the Stanley Cup.



Frenk and Peter in their teammate days: les meudits Croats

Business

HOW BIG OIL PROVIDES FOR ITS FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES

For two days directors of Gulf Oil Corp. of Pittsburgh argued over the best course of action to take. At the end Bob Dorsey, the 63-year-old chairman and chief executive officer, had been summarily dumped from his corporate throne for "choosing to shut his eyes" to a $12.3-million illegal political slush fund uncovered in 1973 by a U.S. Senate subcommittee and the Securities and Exchange Commission. Led by directors representing the Mellon family, which owns 20% of Gulf's shares, the board requested and got the resignations of the chairman and three other top executives and then handed the top job to Jerry McAfee, a tough outspoken Texan who was dubbed "Mr. Clean" by the Toronto *Star* during his term as president of Gulf Oil Canada Ltd. Although there was no suggestion that Dorsey was himself involved in Gulf's political contributions, including $100,000 to Richard Nixon, $10,000 a year for 13 years to Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott, four million dollars to the governing party of South Korea and $627,000 to Italian political parties, as chief executive officer he would have to accept responsibility.

McAfee had also been involved in political gift giving—Gulf Canada has contributed $1.3 million to Canadian parties in the past several years—but the difference between the two men hinged on the fact that in Canada such corporate gifts have not only been legal but an integral part of political financing, while Dorsey's U.S. company had violated both federal election law and SEC guidelines.

Gulf is neither alone nor even leader in the Canadian campaign sweepstakes. Major oil companies operating in this country have contributed at least $500,000 annually to the coffers of both Liberal and Progressive Conservative parties (see box). In fact, according to Gulf Canada chairman Clarence Sheppard, money goes "to any party that does not have as part of its platform the nationalization of our industry." The amounts range from an average $234,000 a year by Imperial Oil Ltd. (Canada's biggest oil company and a subsidiary of Exxon Corp. of New York, the world's biggest oil company) to just $6,000 a year by Amoco Canadian Petroleum Co. Ltd. of Calgary. Four of the 12 major companies—Texaco Canada Ltd. of Toronto, Home Oil Co. Ltd., Husky Oil Ltd. and Mobil Oil Canada Ltd., all of Calgary—acknowledge past contributions but refuse to disclose amounts. Secrecy is after all a major part of corporate political donations. Intensive study by the U.S. Senate's Church subcommittee on multinationals however has brought a flood of new information on political payoffs and contributions both in the United States and abroad. "Canada has cropped up most often as the place where political contributions are made by the big corporations," says Jack Blum, assistant counsel to the Church committee. "When we ask the companies about it, they always say, 'Well, it's legal up there.' If I were a Canadian, that answer would not satisfy me."

Political contributions by the oil companies in Canada have gone to both Liberals and Conservatives in "roughly equal" amounts, according to industry sources. Donations have also been made to the Social Credit Party in British Columbia. Combined annual average contributions admitted to by the eight oil companies that have offered figures amount to $546,000. If that figure is applied to the 1974 federal election (there were three provincial elections that year—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island—but it is unlikely that much, if any, oil money went there) and divided in half, both Liberals and Tories received roughly $270,000. In fact, this figure is probably far too low. Most companies contribute far more than the average during election years and less during off-years. One estimate places their election year contributions as at least double the five year average figures. But even the understated $270,000 accounts for a substantial portion of the parties' budgets for the 1974 election. (The Liberals raised $6.2 million that year and the Conservatives about $3.9 million.) Not included in these totals are

Oil's humble part in the democratic process

Company	Ownership	Political Donations	Sales
*Imperial	American	$234,000	$3,814,000,000
Gulf	American	$140,000	$1,477,000,000
*Shell	Dutch	$100,000	1,602,000,000
Ashland	American	$30,000	$150,000,000
Sunoco	American	$15,000	$263,000,000
*Petrofina	Belgian	$12,000	$357,000,000
BP	British	$6,000	$446,000,000
Amoco	American	$6,000	$283,000,000
*Texaco	American	Refuse to disclose	$754,000,000
Husky	American	Refuse to disclose	$435,000,000
Mobil	American	Refuse to disclose	$410,000,000
Home	Canadian	Refuse to disclose	$80,000,000

Companies marked with asterisk have said they will no longer make political donations
Donations given are the annual average for the last five or six years
Sales figures are for 1974 and are taken with the exception of Home and Ashland from *The Financial Post*'s list of the Top 100 manufacturing and resource companies



McAfee: nothin' like it in the States



Godfrey and Connolly: it's great to be a Liberal in the internal combustion age

Not only that, but they're good with children

WORMS IS BISEXUAL, reads the sign George Main has tacked to the bookshelf in the garage he shares with half a million earthworms. Crowded into one end of the room are a bed, chesterfield, stereo and television but they take second place to the five worm pits the 55-year-old regularly fusses over with loving care. Known as red wrigglers, his worms have been bred specifically to consume anything in sight—cardboard, burlap, sewer sludge, cow manure and leftovers. The worms convert these munchies into a highly nutritious organic fertilizer resembling peat moss and called castings. The Manitoba Department of Agriculture has lent Main $10,000 to expand his wormery into a large-scale business with 100 work pits and 7.5 million wriggling workmen. With that kind of investment he could easily make $40,000 a year. Main's product promises fantastic results for gardeners—bean sprouts have been known to grow four inches in four days when fertilized with castings. His next step? Well, he points out, worms have more protein than T-bone steak. ROSALIE WOLOSKI



Worm, to top it off, they're housebroken

the hours oil executives gave to candidates or contributions made by executives under their own names.

The 1974 federal election was, however, the last one to be fought under the old rules. In the future, political donations of more than $100 will have to be disclosed. The change has proved an impediment to some. Imperial Texaco Shell Canada Ltd. of Toronto and Petrofina Canada Ltd. of Montreal say they will end contributions. Gulf Oil won't. "Such donations are perfectly legal and are encouraged in Canada and we will continue this policy," McAfee announced in a printed statement. Jack Armstrong, Imperial's president, sees it differently. "Financing the political process should be the responsibility of individual citizens. Recent legislative changes will make it easier for Canadians to meet this responsibility. It has been decided by our board of directors that Imperial Oil will no longer provide financial support to political parties."

Senator John Godfrey, the Liberals' chief bagman in the last federal election and Patrick Vernon, head Tory fund raiser, are understandably disappointed by some companies' decision to end donations. Godfrey, however, is skeptical that the reasons they give are the real ones. "It's the backlash from Watergate. They see these bald figures reported in the press and it doesn't look that good." Godfrey claims oil companies do not seek favors for their cash. "But they used to like to take the opportunity when I called to tell me they weren't very happy with what the government was doing. I told one oil company executive that for that kind of money he could say anything he wanted."

The oil influence on Ottawa is not restricted to cash contributions. Several companies, including Imperial Texaco and Shell, have full-time lobbyists in Ottawa. Gulf even pays a retainer to Senator John Connolly, a former president of the Liberal Party. (Connolly refused to discuss the matter of Gulf's retainer except to say, "If I ever did anything for Gulf I'd never tell you.") Other companies have lined up directors whose names are synonymous with the Ottawa scene. Petrofina has Senator Joe Greene. Home Oil has Senator Harry Hays. Shell has Louis Rasminsky, former head of the Bank of Canada, plus Davidson Dunton of the Bilingualism and Biculturalism Commission.

It's difficult to determine just how effective the oil lobby is, but the federal government has softened its stance toward the industry since the 1974 election. It has made cuts in the budget for Petro-Canada, the federally owned oil company regarded as a competitor by the private sector. It has increased oil prices to eight dollars a barrel from $6.50 with a further increase to $9.50 planned for this summer and has rolled back some of the tough tax measures for resource companies proposed in the May, 1974 budget. The toughest test for oil clout will come later this year. An inquiry into alleged price-fixing is almost over and anti-trust officials are recommending prosecution. If Ottawa acts on the recommendation the action could be the biggest price-fixing case ever undertaken by Canadian courts. IAN URQUHART

The end of a publishing era

When Donald Fleming Hunter joined Maclean Publishing Co. in 1930 as a $65-a-month clerk in the front office keeping track of the business wasn't much of a problem. There were four consumer magazines—*Chatelaine*, *Maclean's*, *Canadian Homes & Gardens* and *Maclean's*—plus *The Financial Post* and a dozen trade publications. Late last month when he walked into the boardroom of Maclean Hunter Ltd. and completed a deal to sell his controlling interest, Hunter was chairman of the board of a publishing-broadcasting empire with almost 100 periodicals, five radio stations, one television outlet, a book publishing company and several other interests in the communications field. Together their 1975 revenues added up to $151 million.

Hunter's decision to sell was "a surprise but not a shock," according to M-H executives. Hunter had been in poor health since late fall when he underwent complicated chest surgery. Under the terms of the agreement he will sell the bulk of his holdings in Maclean-Hunter Ltd. to a newly organized company called Maclean-Hunter Holdings Ltd. but will remain as chairman of the operating unit. The sale means in effect that 3,424,098 of the 4,024,100 shares held by Hunter and his family will go to the holding company at a price of $7.35 a share (the shares were selling at $9.25 on the Toronto stock exchange the day the deal was announced). The holding company will be 34% owned by a diverse group including institutional investors arranged by Wood Gundy Ltd. the Toronto-based investment house. The remaining shares will be purchased by CFCN Communications Ltd. of Calgary, Maclean-Hunter Cable TV Ltd., and directors and officers of Maclean-Hunter Ltd.

The transaction will require the approval of the Canadian Radio-Television Commission, various government regulatory bodies and the shareholders of both Maclean-Hunter Ltd. and CFCN. Meetings of shareholders of the two public companies will be held in March, closing of the transaction is anticipated in April.

The sale has been one of the most closely guarded corporate secrets in recent history. "We started talking about it in November," says M-H president Donald Campbell. "Mr. Hunter wanted to ensure that the people who had worked along with him building this company had a continuing say in its future. Neither of his children (a son, Donald, and a daughter, Margaret) expressed an interest in taking on the business and he wanted to make sure it went to those who had worked with him."

The Hunter family has been part of the company almost since its founding. Hunter's father, Horace T. Hunter, became president and a major shareholder in the early part of the century when he joined Colonel J. B. Maclean in what was then a small publishing venture specializing in consumer and trade magazines. Donald Hunter went from his $65-a-month front office job to an $88-a-month post in the Financial Post Corporation Service and then through advertising sales and management until he was named president in 1964 and chairman in 1969.

The new holding company will be restricted to owning only Maclean-Hunter shares and will be headed by Campbell.

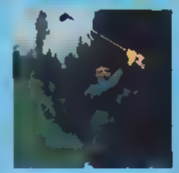
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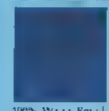
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Annual reports: what can't be successfully obscured can simply be left out

Business Column by Terrence Belford

Within the next few weeks, countless blue-bloused posties will trudge their slushy routes, straining under one of the weights of capitalism: annual reports, those frequently glossy and expensive brochures (between $50 000 and $60,000 in the case of Cadillac Fairview Corp. Ltd.) that purport to tell investors how their company fared during the fiscal year. Unfortunately, when the reports arrive most shareholders will probably have only the foggiest idea of how to read them other than to pick out obvious items such as profit and revenue figures. Not that it matters much, because annual reports often conceal more than they reveal and bear only a vague relationship to the day-to-day business of the company. Most misstate the financial position, often leaving a built-in nut of assets and profit, which can be dusted off and worked into the balance sheet the following year if business turns sour.

The key to understanding annual reports lies in figuring out just what accounting policies the company is following. Unlike the law, where rules are hard and fast, corporate accountants hew to something known as "generally accepted principles." In the case of the oil and gas industry, for example, this meant that until 1974 companies didn't have to take into account such items as deferred taxes (taxes which are based on the current year's activities but don't have to be paid until some future date) when calculating profit. When provincial securities commissions rightly decided that ignoring these future bills was, at best, a trifle misleading, the impact on some companies was enormous. Canadian Pacific Ltd., for one, had to explain to shareholders that, taking the tax into consideration, its 1973 income from oil and gas was actually $2,579,000 less than originally reported. In the same year the U.S. Interstate Commerce Commission adopted a similar policy for railroads and CP had to restate its share of the income of Soo Line Railroad Co.—scratch another $1,114,000. The total effect of these two changes in "generally accepted principles" was that CP had to cut its on-paper retained income (corporate savings) retroactively by $33,328,000.

The ways of treating foreign exchange in annual reports can also vary from the sensible to the truly weird—even within a single company. Trizec Corporation Ltd., owner of Montreal's Place Ville Marie and Toronto's Yorkdale Shopping Centre, treats its gains and losses on foreign exchange in three totally different ways.

- For property and investments in the United States the conversion rate from U.S. to Canadian dollars is the rate in force when the purchases were made.
- For long-term debts such as mortgages the exchange rate is either the rate in force when the funds were received or a rate previously agreed upon with the lender.
- For other foreign assets and liabilities it uses the foreign exchange rates applicable on the day of its fiscal year-end (October 31) or rates previously set by contract. The company sets these policies out in its annual report but unfortunately stockholders can't possibly know whether Trizec actually made or lost money wheeling in pesetas or dealing in U.S. dollars because the company is not required to provide enough information to do the calculations.

Yet another area of "generally accepted principles" that can set a shareholder to shredding the wallpaper is the method used by each company to treat depreciation. Bell Canada, for example, writes its equipment off in equal installments, spread over an estimated life for that equipment. Trizec, with its massive property portfolio, uses something called the "sinking fund" method, which works like a savings account. Trizec sets aside a certain amount of money for depreciation the year a project is built and then increases that sum each year by 4% plus compound interest. The building is then slowly written off in 25 to 60 years. Canadian Pacific also employs the "sinking fund" method for its considerable real estate holdings, but it uses an interest rate of 5% compounded annually and sets the maximum life-span for its buildings at 40 years. IAC Ltd., the giant sales financing company, chooses yet a different method: a straight 2.5% a year.

Bell, Trizec, CP and IAC all have significant real estate holdings yet each of them accounts for buildings in a different way. There is no basis for comparison among the companies that a small investor could intelligently use to decide whether IAC is doing better than Bell or CP in the real estate business. Another problem is that companies can—and do—fudge profits by making accounting changes. If Trizec decides to drop its depreciation rate to 3%, it can substantially reduce its expenses and up profits. If IAC has an exceptionally good year and wants to tuck aside a little profit to plump some other year's annual report, it could switch from its straight 2.5% a year to the sinking fund method. The result would be lower profits this year, when they aren't needed, in favor of a nest egg against the future.

With this potential for misleading the small investor built into the corporate system, it is no great wonder that small investors approach the stock market with caution. The lack of intelligible information and the variety of accounting practices hamper the public confidence necessary for a market to work on a sane basis. There is also the larger question of responsibility to shareholders: the responsibility to provide them with real, meaningful information on their company's performance. The investing public is becoming increasingly sophisticated and vocal. With this in mind, it seems doubtful if publicly owned companies will be able to get away with their "generally accepted principles" much longer. I, for one, hope not. I've always wanted to know what Canadian Pacific is really worth—bottom line.



VIRGINIA DEVANT

Travel

DEALERS IN PROFIT AND LOSS AMBUSH THE NATIONAL DREAM

Oranges and ham sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper, the faint taste of soot, ham swimming in raisin sauce, girls snuggled up to sailors, the lonely cry of a steam whistle across a prairie night. For many Canadians, yesterday's railway images seem as fresh as today's bread. But they *are* yesterday's images, which helps explain why the end of the line is in sight for the onetime pride of the nation's railways—the transcontinental passenger trains with its domed cars and voracious appetite for money.


CP AND CN-PAUL PIC

The near-extinct dining car: romance, intrigue, chance meetings, spilled coffee . . .

The federal government and the railways have grown weary of picking up almost $75 million a year in losses incurred by CN's "Super Continental" and CP Rail's "Canadian." The great trains, which snake 3,000 miles back and forth across the country and lose $61 every time a passenger climbs aboard, are to be phased into oblivion—likely by the end of the next year. The decision was difficult, but inevitable. The trains may retain a powerful hold on the nation's imagination (even among Canadians who wouldn't be caught dead on one), but they have little appeal for long-distance travelers in the jet age.

The problems of the transcontinentals are well enough known: old equipment (no new cars have been bought for 20 years), declining service, cardboard cuisine where there used to be elegance, and brutal competition from the airlines. Both CN and CP have declared emphatically that they are not interested in running passenger services at whopping losses, even if they are partly subsidized. (Under existing legislation, the federal government picks up 80% of the railways' losses on passenger operations.) Ottawa, too, has been looking for a way out, and now that austerity is the official watchword it has a perfect excuse.

Nevertheless, both Ottawa and the railways are aware that there is a legitimate need—recognized by statute—for the passenger rail service in Canada. The problem is what kind, and at what cost? It is nearly two years now since former transport minister Jean Marchand declared the nation's transportation system to be a mess. His successor, Otto Lang, promises that decisions on a new, overall transportation policy integrating road, rail and air services "can be expected within two years," but he cautions that this timetable doesn't mean the transcontinentals are guaranteed two more years of life. There appears to be general agreement, even among railway men, that aircraft must be the dominant means of transportation for journeys of 500 miles and more. Indeed, that was a major conclusion of the interim report brought down last June by the government's special task force on transportation policy. The task force was headed by John Baldwin, a former deputy minister of transport and ex-president of Air Canada. It was charged with recommending an overall approach to moving people and goods in Canada.

The railways believe they can operate profitable passenger trains over short hauls between cities—particularly in the densely populated corridor between Windsor, Ontario, and Quebec City. More than a year ago, the presidents of both railways—F. S. Burbidge of CP and Dr. R. A. Bandeen of CN—wrote jointly to Marchand complaining that "present legislative provisions are not conducive to planning an effective passenger train network" and proposing that they club together as "Rail Canada" to provide passenger operations under contract to the ministry. To date, they have had no reply—apparently because the government isn't sure what to tell them.

Garth Campbell, CN's fiery and articulate vice-president for passenger marketing, thinks the planning and studying have gone on long enough. He calls it "paralysis by analysis" and believes the time has come to make decisions. Campbell incidentally, retains the faint hope that by pooling some of their equipment, track maintenance and terminal facilities, the two railways might be able to operate one transcontinental on a sound economic footing. (At the moment a dozen are criss-crossing the country.) But the odds seem against it.

What will replace the great trains? One possibility is a series of light, fast coach-class trains linking major cities and fed by coordinated air and bus services. The newly developed LRC (for light, rapid, comfortable) train shows promise, but Lang will only say that it is one option that "must be given very serious consideration." The LRC was developed by a consortium of Canadian companies—Alcan, Bombardier-MLW and Dofasco—and has been successfully tested in both Canada and the United States. The consortium, not surprisingly, is keeping its fingers crossed that the LRC will sell at home, as well as abroad. In the meantime, Canadians wanting a little wallow in nostalgia can still cross their country by train. Although during the summer the transcontinentals are almost 100% full they operate at 35% to 50% of capacity most of the year. The fare is not outlandish (cheapest one-way ticket from Montreal to Vancouver is $90, compared to $170 via Air Canada). The ham in raisin sauce is extra. JACK MACBETH


ALLEN SERVICES

Railroad town in the Great North West in the Forties: good-bye Casey Jones

Medicine

MEN! WHY BE BALD? FOR $7.50 A DAY, YOU CAN BE WARREN BEATTY!

When man first started paying attention to his hair a million or more years ago two things were learned about baldness it could happen to anyone and it was irreversible But not any more at least not according to Melwood Steele an amateur Toronto chemist who in the past 18 months has regrown hair on more than 100 heads



Hair tomorrow: eat your heart out, Kojak

using his own unnamed, expensive and still secret formula In one experiment Steele treated 18 men and three women of varied age and race All 21 test subjects regrew hair "There's no doubt Steele's formula grows what appears to be healthy normal hair on people I have personally performed biopsies on and diagnosed as having male pattern baldness" says Dr Howard Donsky head of dermatology at Toronto General Hospital Once virtually bald automobile salesman Brian Foster regrew about 60% of his hair in 12 months Steele who was once almost completely bald but now sports a luxuriant growth claims the formula will produce full heads of hair within three years depending on the individual

The closely guarded formula (not even Donsky knows the ingredients and Steele won't apply for a patent because he would then be forced to disclose its chemical components) was discovered in 1959 by the 56 year-old grandfather and former real estate and pharmaceutical salesman Over the years he refined his formula and developed a treatment process which now includes application of a solvent fluid to remove wax from pores steaming hot towels to cleanse the scalp and stimulate blood circulation and finally the formula itself blended into a vanishing cream base The procedure takes 15 minutes

Some physicians claim Steele's tests are not scientific and hence are invalid They insist that only a proper double-blind test (in which neither subjects nor clinicians know who received the formula and who a placebo) is acceptable as proof "It would be cruel to have some people waste an hour a day for a year hoping they're not the ones getting the placebo" argues Steele "Besides what more do you need than to see hair growing where dermatologists say no hair can grow?" He claims his formula immediately arrests balding, sometimes starts new growth after just one treatment and always within two weeks "I have duplicated the way nature grows hair on babies," he says "It starts as fuzz then rapidly takes on the form, color and apparent age of existing hair"

An eccentric inventor with a catholic range of interests (baseball vitamin pills and crossword puzzles among them) Steele is not unmindful of today's multimillion-dollar baldness market with its hair transplants, hairpieces hormone treatments and vitamin remedies Already he has formed a corporation to license Melwood Steele Centres across North America. Taking advantage of local tax incentives for new industry he has headquartered the firm and its manufacturing facility in Salt Lake City Utah where the first hair-growing centre is scheduled to open this month

Determined to safeguard his secret, Steele plans to deliver numbered single-treatment tubes of formula to his franchise centres All tubes must be returned before new orders will be accepted He also buys more ingredients than he actually needs including self-destructing chemicals, to deter piracy Because the formula contains no hormones or dangerous chemicals it is not regarded as a drug and therefore comes under U S cosmetic laws which permit secret and safe ingredients Steele himself has tested it on rats and will willingly quaff a glass or two for visitors It's an expensive cocktail Steele claims it costs nearly $1 000 a gallon to produce and one bald head will absorb a gallon in a year Customers will pay $7 50 per treatment and most will require daily applications for three months or longer before cutting back to two or three a week If his early success continues the lineups will probably stretch around the block "Baldness is obsolete," says Steele "There's no reason for anybody to be bald unless he chooses to be—like Yul Brynner or Telly Savalas" FRANK TOUBY

A man and his pill

If an effective birth control pill for men is ever developed the embarrassment Ted Johnson now suffers will seem worthwhile Johnson is an ex-Green Beret, a Vietnam veteran who takes the Pill every morning Once a fortnight in the interest of science he trots along to Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital where in the privacy of a sterile bathroom, he dreams up erotic fantasies and leaves behind a semen sample His colleagues at the U S Customs kid him a lot but Johnson doesn't mind As he says "I love my wife I don't think she should be the only one responsible for birth control"

Johnson is one of 24 volunteers participating in Canada's only research project into the male birth control pill Directed by endocrinologist Dr Jerald Bain the two-year program sponsored by the World Health Organization aims to reduce sperm counts to infertile levels by synthetically inhibiting normal secretion of sex hormones from the pituitary gland The trial pill is a combination of two drugs—androgen and progestin—already available by prescription in Canada The male hormone androgen is sometimes taken by female athletes to develop muscles and strength Progestin, a hormone found in both sexes has been used mostly by women, in combination with estrogen in the Pill But androgen and progestin have never been put together for contraception though earlier animal studies indicate the combination will work



TYRON KOLLEY

Bain and Johnson: man's work

Johnson became interested in birth control shortly after he married four years ago His wife Alice, a 25-year-old student at University of Toronto tried the Pill but developed some common side-effects—irritability depression and weight loss Seeking alternatives the couple discovered that options for men are few (vasectomies or sometimes unreliable condoms) and that little was being done to change the situation "I was amazed at the ignorance" says Johnson, "the chauvinism about male birth control Most men are just not that concerned"

One problem with the pill for men is that

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Get the whole story.

researchers have not yet been able to suppress sperm counts without also suppressing the secretion of the male hormone, testosterone, with subsequent loss of desire and capability. In the present study, volunteers complete monthly questionnaires about all side-effects—including changes in sexual activity, irritability, breast enlargement and liver dysfunction. In the first three months, volunteers provide semen and blood samples every two weeks. For the next six months they take a pill or pills daily, the dosage varied to determine the effects. A six-month follow-up checks whether sperm counts have returned to normal.

Nevertheless, the Mount Sinai study is only the first step. It would take at least 10 years for pills to reach the general public, and even then they might not be the total answer. (There may be side-effects and not all men will be able to take them.) While the women's pill has been on the market for 15 years, clinical research into a pill for men has been undertaken only in the past five, partly because techniques for detailed hormonal analysis are relatively recent developments. But researchers—mostly male—have also been reluctant to study the pill because "they feel threatened by the interference with their reproductive capacity," says Bain. That women have constantly been forced to tamper with theirs was "simply not a consideration for men."

ANGELA FEBRANTE

The odds against tomorrow

It is, by any standard, a unique medical questionnaire as surprising for what it includes as for what it ignores. Patients are asked what weapons they carry, but not if they've had VD. Women are asked about their socioeconomic status and whether their spouses are Jewish, men aren't. But this otherwise simple probe of social and health habits is not an exercise in whimsy. It's part of a serious preventive medical program called Bodycheck, which some 100 Maritime doctors are now using to statistically predict their patients' chances of surviving the next 10 years. "We don't want to cause unnecessary alarm," says Dr. David Shires, research director of Dalhousie University's family medicine centre which coordinates Bodycheck. "But the results can make relevant health hazards most people think about only in the vaguest terms."

For example, income groups and Jewish husbands have an important bearing on a woman's vulnerability to cancer of the womb. (Male circumcision reduces the risk, but women in lower socioeconomic groups usually have a greater variety of partners, which increases the chance.) While it is still too early to predict how effective Bodycheck will be in alerting Canadians to the statistical risks of smoking and overeating, Shires is optimistic. It need prevent only one heart attack, he says, to more than recoup the $10,000 spent setting up the program.

LYNDON WATKINS

Advertising

NOTHING, BUT NOTHING, PLUGS LIKE A BUG

Sometime this spring, a Volkswagen Beetle painted to resemble an A&W hamburger will begin cruising through half a dozen major Canadian cities. Other Love Bugs, promoting Air Canada's "skifari" flights, are already on the streets. A&W has signed up for an estimated $500,000 promotional ride on the mobile billboards. Air Canada is spending about $700,000. "The breakthrough has come," exults Pier Marier, the intense 29-year-old founder of Beetleboards in Canada. "Advertisers are beginning to see Beetleboards for what they are: love objects. People who see them smile, giggle, laugh and blush. They sing, shout, point. It's an experience."

Not all advertisers apparently agree. Grumbles one senior media buyer: "Marier takes it too seriously—like the second coming of Christ or something. Maybe I'd be more interested if he sold it as a fun medium, fringe stuff for any leftover ad dollars." The French-Canadian Marier, partner with composer Lou Gagnon in the thriving Montreal production house, Theme Variations, blames that reaction on Canadian reluctance to try the unconventional. "But," he admits, "at first sight I also considered the concept absolutely crazy." Indeed, it was several months before he became convinced that the lurid Beetleboards he saw in California could be successfully transplanted to Canadian soil. (That Beetleboards of America anticipates some $12 million in sales in 1976 greatly facilitated his conversion.)

In acquiring rights in Canada, Marier awarded the U.S. company a 19% share of ownership and $50,000 in royalties, in exchange for technical and research data and an undisclosed amount of financial assistance. Meanwhile, prospective advertisers are being offered the medium at $100 to $130 a month per Beetle for a 12-month period. Marier intends to pay VW owners $20 a month for allowing their cars to be painted. Other inducements to drivers include a new paint job every six months, monthly car repairs and regular checkups from VW dealers.

But while there is no immediate shortage of willing owners, there could be a problem down the road. Volkswagen, troubled by the Love Bug's decline in the import market, is currently pinning its hopes and promotional dollars on the Rabbit, which outsold the Beetle last year by more than 5,000 cars. "There are still enough used Beetles in good condition to supply Beetleboards for at least another five years," says Marier. "After that who knows?" Rabbitboards?

LIZ EDMONDS

Live and let drink, etc.

To many Americans, the typical Canadian is quiet, shy and hopelessly conservative. But if the results of one current study are any barometer, Canadians are actually more tolerant—especially in matters of alcohol and sex—than their American cousins. The study, conducted by business professors Stephen Arnold of Queen's University and James Barnes of Memorial in collaboration with Toronto's Baker Lovick ad agency, reports that fully 72% of some 854 U.S. women polled think there is too much sexual permissiveness—compared to 62% of Canadian women. Further, while 31% of American males believe liquor is "a curse on life," only one in five Canadian men agree. Intended to determine whether Canadians are more or less skeptical about advertising than Americans, the study also asked respondents if they considered themselves "a bit of a swinger." Among Americans, only 12% answered yes, among the more liberated Canadians, 16.5%.

LIZ EDMONDS



Marier and his ambling billboard: from the folks who gave you World War II . . .

Environment

PCBs: THE WEED OF PROGRESS BEARS DEADLY FRUIT

Last fall, fishermen awaiting the annual salmon run along Ontario's Credit River received a rude shock: the provincial Ministry of Health warned them not to eat any of their catch. The reason? The fish were



Salmon fishing on the Credit River: it's okay to catch 'em, but not to eat 'em

almost certain to contain dangerously high levels of PCBs—polychlorinated biphenyls—a highly toxic, potentially fatal chemical, once thought to be firmly under control. But the salmon warning was part of mounting evidence that PCBs are still creeping into the environment in significant and alarming numbers. And authorities predict that the current furor is nothing compared to what's to come.

Despite present regulations, for example, 10 million pounds of PCBs are annually dumped in the United States, and virtually all human tissues so far tested have contained traces of the compound, also called askarels. Nor is concern confined to industrialized regions—though counts are predictably highest there. PCBs have also been found in Rocky Mountain eagles, Baltic Ocean fish and Antarctic snow. "We find it almost everywhere we look," says one U.S. scientist, "and the amounts seem to be increasing." The problem is potentially severe because polychlorinated biphenyls, a combination of chlorine, hydrogen and carbon, are chemically stable—they do not break down naturally in the environment. (This very property, of course, has made them desirable and widely used industrial components since 1929: in everything from electrical equipment—fluorescent lights, air conditioners, television sets—to printing inks and ceramic molds.) Worse, PCBs are nonflammable, so attempts to incinerate municipal waste containing the chemical only spreads them through the atmosphere. Perhaps most worrisome, PCBs are bioaccumulative, increasing in concentration as they move up nature's food chain.

The risk of PCBs to human health has long been known, but their extreme toxicity was first underlined in 1968 when rice oil contaminated with the compound was sold for human consumption in western Japan. Thirteen hundred people were poisoned, many died; seven years later, most of the victims still retain symptoms of the disease (called yusho, after the Japanese word for oil). In a second incident, 600 pounds of a closely related chemical, polybrominated biphenyl, were shipped to a Michigan cattle feed plant in 1973. The contaminated feed nearly wiped out the state's dairy industry.

But while isolated outbreaks have captured the headlines, environmental researchers fear the slower, but equally deadly poisoning of entire populations by the steady accumulation of PCBs in the environment. Laboratory animal studies have already shown that small doses over a long period of time yield extreme illness or death, birth defects and—in some cases—liver cancer. "The Great Lakes," says Nathaniel Reed, assistant secretary in the U.S. Department of the Interior, "are a virtual sink for PCBs. The fish are trying to tell us something, and what they're trying to tell us is that our environment stinks."

Only one American firm, the Monsanto Co. of St. Louis, now manufactures PCBs, and since 1970 Monsanto has restricted sales to closed electrical systems to minimize the leakage. Still, Monsanto's Sauget, Illinois, plant produces some 40 million pounds a year of PCBs in this single application, and the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency estimates another 300 million pounds—currently hidden in products manufactured before 1970—will find their way into the environment. "Regardless of controls," says Environment Canada scientist Dr. Maurice Millson, "I don't expect a decrease in PCBs in the 1970s."

Nevertheless, half a dozen agencies including Ottawa's Environmental Protection Service, the EPA and the UN's World Health Organization are about to stiffen controls. Ironically, one product that may be affected by the new regulations is the electrostatic precipitator, a device installed in thousands of factory smokestacks in North America in the early Seventies to reduce air pollution.

BILL DAMPIER

Big Oil's little helper

Hell hath no fury, wrote the worldly wise William Congreve, like a woman scorned. Ever since the British dramatist laid down his dictum in 1700, men have ignored it at their peril. A senior official of the Syncrude consortium exploiting the Athabaska tar sands might well agree. Dr. Larry Pratt of the University of Alberta believes—he has no direct evidence—that one of the sources for his new and controversial book, *The Tar Sands, Syncrude And The Politics Of Oil*, was a Syncrude secretary miffed because her lover/boss threw her over. Pratt believes she decamped, taking copies of secret documents with her. Those documents arrived, mysteriously and anonymously, on the desk of an Edmonton radio reporter, who promptly took them to the NDP Party of Alberta, which passed them on to Pratt. Now, apparently because of that scorned lady, there is evidence that Premier Peter Lougheed was, in effect, a lobbyist for the oil industry in the federal-provincial battle over Syncrude. And, while Lougheed was busy telling the public that the Syncrude deal had been struck "on the government's terms," internal documents show what amounted to unconditional surrender to Syncrude's demands.

Pratt, a soft-spoken, 31-year-old graduate of the London School of Economics, is an Ontario native now teaching political science in Edmonton. His doctoral thesis was on the Middle East, and he has a long-



Pratt: how Lougheed oiled the oil lobby

standing interest in oil politics. Pratt barely had begun work on his history of the Syncrude project when the postman started bringing confidential documents from anonymous sources, which tended to discount the version of events being given by government and industry spokesmen. Some information came from disgruntled federal bureaucrats, such as one report

that, at the height of the 1973 "energy crisis," U S diplomats offered Ottawa an eight-billion-dollar package of industrial investments centred on tar sands development More data came from provincial civil servants, such as an 80-page memo showing that Alberta's energy experts had argued at length against "ever-increasing foreign control of non-renewable resource development in Canada" Their advice was brushed aside in favor of the recommendations of U S energy consultant Walter Levy who, not surprisingly, favored continental energy policies

Pratt also obtained letters written by Syncrude president Frank Spragins to his fellow oil executives outlining telephone conversations with Premier Lougheed According to Spragins, Lougheed at one point had congratulated Syncrude on its skill in keeping the deal quiet, and promised to consult with the president of Imperial Oil on future strategy to wring concessions out of the federal government "However," Spragins writes, "before embarking on this plan of action, it should be understood that this does not let Lougheed off the hook in case Syncrude representatives are not successful in Ottawa" Apparently, one reason Lougheed took so tough a line with Ottawa during the negotiations was that he knew anything the oil consortium failed to get out of the Canadian taxpayer would have to come instead from Alberta

Pratt's book is certain to rekindle the controversy that flared when the near-collapse of the project brought Ottawa and the governments of Alberta and Ontario into the deal in February 1975 The two-billion-dollar agreement was hailed by Alberta as a "victory," and described by then federal Minister of Energy Donald Macdonald as the best possible Pratt claims it was quite simply, "a sellout"—a development likely to bring great benefits to a handful of U S firms, modest benefits to the people of Alberta, and possibly long-term damage to the Canadian economy, ecology and resource base Pratt sets down an account of Canadian governments being bullied, bluffed and bamboozled into yet another deal in which most of the risks are shouldered by the Canadian taxpayer and most of the rewards disappear across the border Panicked by the energy crisis, government negotiators kept giving ground until Canadian taxpayers wound up footing 75% of the costs in return for 30% of the equity and the oil companies emerged with control, a guaranteed return and most of the profits (The deal is structured so that royalties are shared only on profits earned in Canada Thus, says Pratt, the companies could inflate costs so that the operation here shows no profit)

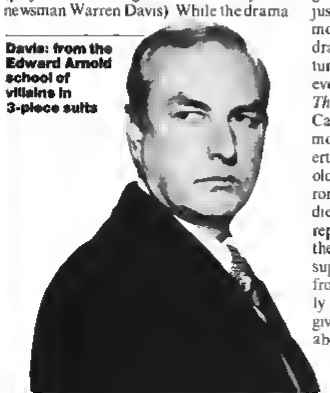
To date the oil companies have ignored Pratt's charges the way one Syncrude executive ignored Congreve's advice about scorned women Whether they ever respond probably depends on how well Pratt's book sells **WALTER STEWART**

Television

DRAMA AS FRESH AS TOMORROW'S HEADLINES

In his first four years in office Ontario premier William Davis spent a lot of time in hot political waters In 1973, for example, Ontario Opposition leader Robert Nixon charged that Toronto developer Gerhard Moog had used his friendship with Davis to win a multimillion-dollar contract for the construction of a new Ontario Hydro building in downtown Toronto The ensuing scandal made the front pages of Ontario newspapers for months, but eventually a Select Committe of the Legislature cleared Davis, his government and Moog of any wrongdoing While the public controversy quickly sputtered out, the findings of the committee in this matter obviously didn't convince everybody that all was well with the Ontario government That scandal, the Fidinam Affair of 1972 (involving government contracts and loans to a company that contributed heavily to a Tory election fund) and several others inspired CBC producers Stephen Patrick and Ralph Thomas to make a controversial but fictional drama, *The Insurance Man From Ingersoll*, which deals with government corruption in Ontario

The *Insurance Man From Ingersoll* is a stark frightening portrayal of an amoral government indulging itself almost carelessly in favoritism and patronage A dour but honest member of the Ontario legislature (played straight by satirist Michael Magee) stumbles across violence bribery, a crooked union and kickbacks in connection with the construction of a huge government office complex, a structure not unlike the Ontario Hydro building The men running the government are shown as being uncompromisingly corrupt but the most devastating portrait is of the premier's malefic political troubleshooter (played in an acting tour de force by CBC newsman Warren Davis) While the drama ranges far beyond the events that actually occurred in Ontario, it hit close enough to home that the CBC ordered five lawyers to clear the script



Davis: from the Edward Arnold school of villains in 3-piece suits

Insurance Man, along with four other shows (a story about a Métis woman called *A Thousand Moons*; a play about the problems of a teen-aged mother called *A Nest Of Shadows*; an episode dealing with a lake swim and another dealing with land expropriation) constitute a mini-series (which debuts February 8) of the most exciting drama the CBC has offered in years And strangely, the producers responsible, Patrick, 35 and Thomas, 30, are newcomers Both were public affairs producers before they were hired by John Hirsch, in 1974, to inject current affairs into TV drama. After accepting the assignment, Patrick and Thomas realized they didn't know what they were doing and went out to find someone who did Through film director Gilles Carle, they met Canadian-born screenwriter Ben Barzman 63, who wrote the script for *The Boy With The Green Hair* and was blacklisted in Hollywood during the McCarthy era For $10 000 Barzman was lured back to Canada to act as a script consultant and for two months last spring he put the scripts through the exacting, write-rewrite-rewrite-again process from which the best U S television series emerge The producers then sought out talented film directors (such as Peter Pearson and Gilles Carle) and threw out conventional casting techniques They persuaded newsman Davis to play the insurance man and hired Adeline Coppaway, an Ojibway who had never acted before, as the old Métis woman in *A Thousand Moons*

Patrick and Thomas ended up with five gutsy dramas *A Nest Of Shadows* is not just a tract about the troubles of teen-aged motherhood but a gut-tightening melodrama about a wayward, mentally disturbed girl who is capable of anything—even the destruction of her own child *A Thousand Moons* avoids the clichés of Canada's Indian dilemma, instead, it is a moving story (directed by Carle) of poverty-striken Métis determined to take an old woman out of the squalor of her Toronto shack and back north where she can die on her native soil Although little real reportage went into the development of these films basing them on real incidents supplies an immediacy normally missing from television drama The result is a finely crafted and entertaining series that gives CBC drama something to crow about at last **RON BASE**

Films

FROM TRUFFAUT, A MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

THE STORY OF ADELE H
Directed by François Truffaut

It is possible that no previous film has recorded the pathology of passion so comprehensively and vividly with so daring a balance between detachment and involvement, as François Truffaut's remarkable new work He and his star, the 20-year-old Isabelle Adjani evoke an intense emotional obsession which burns white hot from beginning to end



Adjani: a portrayal verging on perfection

Isabelle Adjani plays Adele Hugo the daughter of Victor Hugo an intellectual figure of mythic status in mid-19th century Europe Growing up in the glare of her father's benevolent but impenetrable legend and also beside the memory of a favorite sister Leopoldine, tragically drowned, Adele grapples to shape her own fate She finds that destiny in a masochistic unrequited ardor an English officer, Lieutenant Pinson (Bruce Robinson) has flirted with her during her father's exile on the Island of Guernsey and then abandoned her Truffaut doesn't describe exactly what happened, but Pinson's subsequent flirtations suggest that his encounter with Adele must have been similarly casual At any rate, their brief relationship matters less than the traumatic effects of its termination on Adele

The film begins at sea with a boat drawing toward shore in a mist. Adele has followed Pinson to Halifax where he is stationed Although she has abandoned her family she is still dependent financially upon her father whose letters to her provide a fascinating series of hints to the formation of her character In Halifax Adele Hugo lives under an assumed name and begins to pursue her lover with a fixedness that in other contexts might seem heroic She spies on him, she follows him through the streets, she offers to leave if only he'll say he loves her and she gives him money to pay his gambling debts Apparently without shame, Adele sabotages his engagement to a judge's daughter by pretending to be pregnant with his child and yet she is also capable of sending him prostitutes as tokens of her affection At one point, she looks into the possibility of having him hypnotized She begs him to marry her wheedles her parents' permission and when Pinson still rebuffs her sends word to her father that they have in fact been married She fills her time writing in an almost hallucinatory frenzy to Pinson, to her father, and to herself in coded diary confessions into which she pours the wild fervor for which she cannot find any other expression "Love is my religion" she scribbles, and in a cupboard of her rented room she keeps a candle-lit shrine with Pinson's photograph

Rejection and humiliation only fan her longing but the passion that strengthens her spirit also disconnects her reason Toward the end we see her in Barbados where Pinson, now married has been transferred She calls herself his wife an illusion that she has finally allowed herself We watch her wandering the violently sunbleached tropical streets prematurely aged and in rags unable finally even to recognize the object of her passion when he confronts her These final images given Nestor Almendros' masterful cinematography will haunt the imagination

Eventually, we are told she is taken back to France where she dies in an asylum during World War I at the age of 85 having outlived her father's celebrity but not her own ecstasy The *Story of Adele H* is staggering like Shakespeare's *Anthony And Cleopatra* it reveals a passion that both disfigures and transforms Certainly Adele's outsize otherworldly feelings are close to absurdity and Truffaut lets the audience see the strange high comedy of her rapture and that she is a grotesque forcing the world to bend to her reality The film is filled with shots of closed or closing doors the physical evidence of how Adele has woefully isolated herself

But we cannot dismiss her passion The amazing pitch at which Isabelle Adjani impersonates Adele—the unbroken emotional tenacity the eyes cleared for a single purpose—makes a once-in-a-lifetime performance that has already been recognized by three major American film awards including the New York film critics' award

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR Une Abrahamson is the former Consumer Affairs editor for Chatelaine Magazine author of 2 previous books – 'God Bless Our Homes' and "Crafts Canada"

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for best actress. Adjani and Truffaut give us a life that is in its own mysterious way complete and charmed. Nothing distracts her vision and Truffaut wants us to glimpse within the agony of her life a kind of blessing. URJO KAREDA

Thrilling days of yesteryear

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING
Directed by John Huston

John Huston has been planning his version of Rudyard Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King* for at least three decades, but happily the delays have not dried out his affection for the project. The film is a joy, an adventure kept bubbling with high spirits through the director's part-joshing part-adoring attitude to the subject.

It begins with genial jokes. Sean Connery and Michael Caine play two semi-sleazy British ex-soldiers down on their luck and reduced to petty blackmail in Imperial India. They grab at the crazy notion of traveling to a remote, mountain-locked part of the country and installing themselves as monarchs, largely with an eye to the resale value of local baubles. Against ridiculously improbable odds they reach the target, perform a few heroics and, with credulity stretched to springy thinness, Connery finds himself acclaimed as a God, the long-awaited son of Alexander the Great. The idea suits him rather too well. Though Caine is soon anxious to hoof it with brick-sized rubies, Connery has become too busy dictating declarations.

Huston is wonderfully relaxed on this terrain. The athletic adventures ripple by gracefully and the location shooting in Morocco is sensationally atmospheric. There is an ease to all the performances and the Caine-Connery team establishes its anti-heroic credentials without forfeiting its charm. There is also an atypically attractive film appearance from Christopher Plummer as Kipling himself (Huston introduces him into the story as an observer/narrator) and a very funny Gurkha Sancho Panza from Saeed Jaffrey.

Then, abruptly, Huston shifts the film from a subversive imperialist satire about second-raters who acquire power and pomposity simultaneously to something astonishingly different. It jumps from mock heroics to something movingly like the real thing. At this point it becomes apparent that Huston never once downgraded the gallantry of his characters and as a result the final scene, marvelously played by Connery and Caine, quite shatters the heart.

While the transition might at first seem a sly trick on Huston's part, when you look over the film carefully it is apparent he has simply been faithful to his own feelings. He knows that one can mock and love the same thing, without diminishing either the zest or the emotions. He turns a ridiculous story into a film that is dashing and even courageous and makes us ready to respond again to these lovely anachronistic qualities. URJO KAREDA

Theatre

MORE ACCURATELY, A MATTER OF HEPBURN



JOHN REEVES

Sold Right Out: at Toronto's Royal Alex, Hepburn, not the play, was the thing

A MATTER OF GRAVITY
by Enid Bagnold

"Time left its marks, but I've removed them," exclaims the indomitable Mrs. Basil in Enid Bagnold's play *A Matter Of Gravity*. And the audience goes wild with applause because the lines are spoken by Katherine Hepburn, a pillar of polished longevity and amazing vivacity. With three Academy Awards and a recent Emmy to her credit, Hepburn is the first lady of the American entertainment world and one of the few movie stars left who can mesmerize an audience. At 66 she's on stage again (six years after her last appearance on Broadway with the musical *Coco*) proving that she's every inch the classy star and that her name on a marquee is a guarantee of box office gold. After her first month on tour with *A Matter Of Gravity* the play had made back its $160,000 investment and by the time the production arrived at Toronto's Royal Alexandra last month, on the last leg of its pre-Broadway run, it had broken the house records of every theatre it played in. Hepburn sails into New York this month to a house that is 80% sold out until April, while she agreed to perform at union scale ($375 a week plus expenses) until the play broke even, she is now getting a reasonable percentage of the box office and the show is financially insulated from the power of the New York critics.

Which, as it turns out, is a good thing. *A Matter Of Gravity* is a painfully old-fashioned drawing-room comedy. Mrs. Basil, the central character, is a charming but eccentric elderly widow living in the dilapidated splendor of her antique-smothered estate, blissfully isolated from the concerns of the 20th century. Her home is staffed with refugees "from the lunatic fringe": her cook is a fat alcoholic with lesbian tendencies. Defying the laws of gravity (the title is a pun) the cook has a consternating habit of floating up into the air (offstage only) from time to time. The modern world invades Mrs. Basil's menagerie when her grandson comes visiting with a bizarre quartet of friends: a literary gentleman (Canadian actor Paul Harding), his boyfriend (a neurotic young man with a brush cut who is fresh out of prison), a frumpy, severe woman with a disdain for property, and her girl friend, a black girl from Trinidad. Eventually the grandson falls for the black girl, the disapproving woman is unmasked as a wealthy heiress, Mrs. Basil is forced to confront contemporary values *and*, by the third act, the prospect of her impending death. While Bagnold attempts to say something pertinent about the clash in standards between the generations, and to be meaningful about old-age and death, the result is an awkward play written in a stilted manner. With such lines as "I've been modern and I got tired of it," *A Matter Of Gravity* caters to an audience that is eager for comfort and reassurance.

Hepburn, who has a reputation for being very selective about the work she accepts, read the script of *A Matter Of Gravity* while filming *Love Among The Ruins* with Laurence Olivier in England. "I just couldn't get it out of my mind," she says. "It's such an odd play and quite a departure for me." Even at the first reading it must have been apparent that the role of Mrs. Basil would fit her like a glove. It allows Hepburn to display those qualities that have endeared her to the public for 40 years: the salty vitality, the clipped New England speech, aristocratic demeanor and chiseled patrician looks. *A Matter Of Gravity* is a star's vehicle and she makes the most of it. It's unfortunate that the public affection for Hepburn is being exploited with a creaky, second-rate play, but as one woman said to her husband after the Toronto opening, "She could read from the phone book for two hours and everyone would love it." DAVID McCAUGHNA

No more Mr. Nice Guy

BACK TO BEULAH
by W. O. Mitchell

W. O. Mitchell's first major stage play, *Back To Beulah*, which had its world stage premiere at Theatre Calgary in January, comes as a considerable shock. Most Canadians think of Mitchell (creator of the earthy *Jake And The Kid* radio and television series and author of the prairie novel *Who Has Seen The Wind*) as a kindly old uncle always ready to dandle us on his literary knee and tell warm, funny stories about growing up in the Canadian west. But *Back To Beulah* is a startling departure from Mitchell's earlier work: the play is an intense cameo of the world of the half-mad, his characters people whose rationality hangs by a ragged thread.

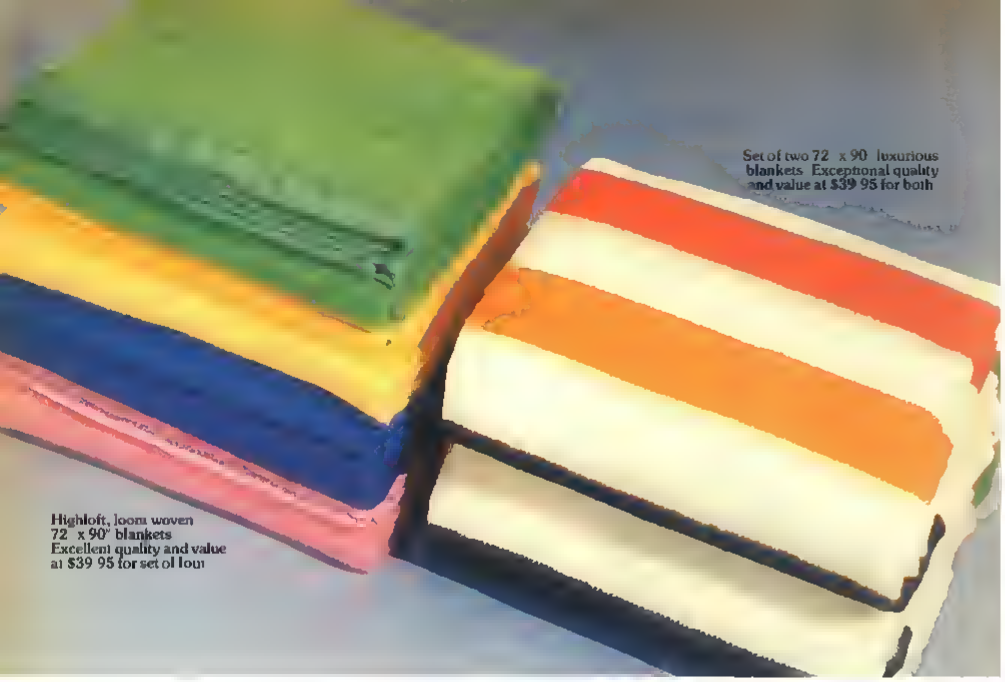
The play, revised for Theatre Calgary after two widely acclaimed treatments on radio and television, is set in the basement apartment of a halfway house for the ex-inmates of a mental institution (called Beulah) who are trying to return to a more normal life. The protagonists are three female patients and their psychiatrist, also a woman, and the action spans six days of a Christmas season. The patients revolt against the patronizing, humiliating treatment they have received by "kidnapping" their psychiatrist and forcing her to undergo the same kinds of "therapy" they have been subjected to: the drugs, the condescending interviews, the physical restraints. While the play builds to its climax, the patients become less and less lovable as their neuroses gain increasing control over their behavior. In the third act it suddenly becomes apparent that this is not just a morality play about lovable kooks, but a stark dramatic examination of psychosis. But unfortunately, Mitchell pulls back from the brink and the play plunges into bathos with an up-beat ending which very nearly destroys all the good work that has gone before. Mitchell is a fine craftsman who knows how to make an audience laugh, hold its attention and bring it to the threshold of a genuinely revelatory experience. But, on the evidence of this play, he appears to lack either the courage or the passion to cross that line. He gets our full attention and then recites homilies and platitudes.

If *Back To Beulah* had been written by an unknown dramatist it is doubtful that it would have received the full-blown treatment it has been given by Theatre Calgary. For while the play is less than overwhelming dramatic art it is intelligently and sensitively acted by Helen Hughes, Maureen FitzGerald and Marnie Mumford, as the patients, and Samantha Langevin as the psychiatrist. Guy Sprung directs with a sure hand and an effective eye. The production is typical of the high quality of Theatre Calgary's work. Under Harold Baldridge (now in his fourth year as artistic director) the company has presented everything from Brecht to Neil Simon but has a philosophical commitment to do at least one Canadian work each season. Baldridge landed *Back To Beulah* at the last minute. "W. O. brought it to me almost at the point where I was beginning to feel we wouldn't find a worthy script for this season. The fact that he's a resident Calgarian added another dimension to the work."

Like most of our regional theatres, Theatre Calgary suffers from the lack of wider exposure. Its full and varied season should have earned it a much higher reputation outside Alberta than it now enjoys. But this month, in its first visit to the east, the company is presenting *Back To Beulah* at Toronto's Tarragon Theatre. While the Mitchell play itself may not be memorable, Theatre Calgary has turned *Back To Beulah* into a good showcase for its considerable talents. DAVID BILLINGTON

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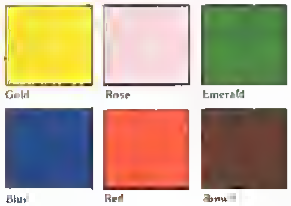
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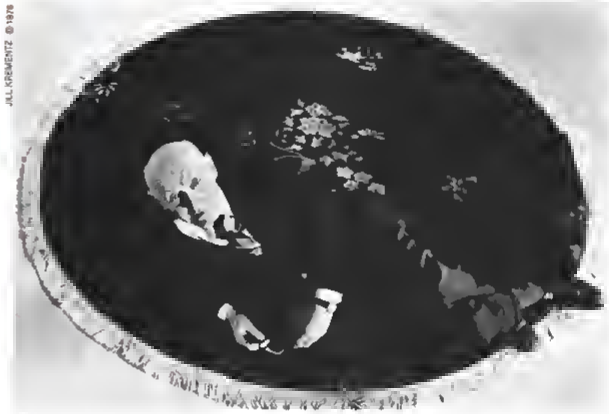
OF ALL THE JOYS OF YIDDISH, THE GREATEST MAY BE I.B. SINGER

PASSIONS by Isaac Bashevis Singer
(McGraw-Hill Ryerson Ltd. $9.25)

In the dark three-piece suits he favors Isaac Bashevis Singer looks like a gentle white turtle. His bald head with its pale translucent skin gleams softly and disappears into a stiff shirt collar and neatly knotted tie. His movements are careful and his platform style conversational. His lectures resemble nothing so much as a middle-aged literate love-in. Last year in Toronto's Convocation Hall Singer reduced the entire audience to helpless laughter by reciting for five minutes a list of Yiddish words all meaning "a poor man." Not bad—considering at least half the audience didn't understand Yiddish.

But for Singer cultural barriers don't seem to exist. He writes in Yiddish about matchmakers and gravediggers in prewar Poland and the translated stories turn up on the slick pages of *The New Yorker* magazine. Leib Belkes, the village peddler from Radoszyce tells his tale only a page away from George Plimpton's latest exploits. In *Passions*, Singer's new book of short stories, the shtetl and condominium continue to exist side by side. Tales of Polish Jews eking out a hard living circumscribed by poverty and ritual are followed by stories of those who fled to duplexes in Brooklyn. Cottage cheese and saccharin have replaced chicory and burned-flour grits but these new Americans remain cursed by the Diaspora. They wander through clean bright apartments, grateful for electric stoves and social security, but always as tenants on a short lease. On the balconies of their Miami retirement homes and in Manhattan restaurants they sit with dybbuks and the Angel of Death. "Those who have stood at the threshold of death," explains a woman in one story, "remain dead."

Singer's popularity with readers who think cheder is a brick cheese and can't tell an aleph from a tsaurai is testimony to the magic of his writing. In Singer's hands a village in Poland can become the world.


JILL KREMENTZ © 1976

Singer: you don't have to be Jewish, you merely have to appreciate genius

Writers who claim new experimental techniques must be developed before literature can say anything new should nip out and stock up on his books. He charts the shadowy world of good and evil with nothing more experimental than fine uncluttered prose. "While obscurity in content and style may now be the fashion," writes Singer, "clarity remains the ambition of this writer." Hosanna. Of course it helps when clarity comes fused with a talent for storytelling barely equaled since Tolstoy.

It's a small matter that for some of us the ultimate power of Singer's work is reduced by his reliance on the supernatural to tidy up loose ends. In his tales human beings scheme against the gods and one another. They construct haphazard plans out of inchoate desires and tangled motives. Then, just as the reader narrows his eyes to peer into their souls a dybbuk pops up as the explanation for their behavior. The usual term for the artificial solution a bad playwright imposes on his story is *deus ex machina*—a handy god flown in from the wings. Singer comes close on occasion to ending his stories *dybbuk ex machina*.

But this may be a small concern. Perhaps Singer is sufficiently great not to worry about having the devil finish his stories for him. Anyway it may all be in the family. As he said recently, "I feel sometimes I am half a devil myself." BARBARA AMIEL

Epitaph for a way of life

STRANGERS DEVOUR THE LAND
by Boyce Richardson
(The Macmillan Company of Canada, $13.95)

They had names like Job Bearskin, Sally Petawabano, Matthew Neeposh, William Rat and Sidney Loon and all through the winter, spring and fresh early summer of 1973 you'd see them wandering through downtown Montreal as wide-eyed as Dorothy lost in Oz. They were men and women from another world—the Cree Indians of James Bay, witnesses in the case of Robert Kanatewat et al versus the James Bay Development Corporation, an apparently hopeless attempt to halt the vast power project that would flood their lands and end their way of life. "Never before in Canadian history had so politically powerless a group tried to stop so huge a scheme," writes Boyce Richardson in his new book *Strangers Devour The Land*.

Quebec premier Robert Bourassa had unveiled the "project of the century" before a rapturous crowd in a Quebec City auditorium in April, 1971. As flocks of geese flew across a three-paneled film screen behind him he promised the damming and diversion of the major rivers flowing into James Bay would increase Canada's power production by a full third. It was a bargain at six billion dollars, he said. The trouble was that no one thought to consult the 10 000 Cree and Inuit who live and hunt there.

Boyce Richardson had a stake in the project from the beginning because as a reporter for the Montreal *Star* and as a freelance writer and film maker he had slept in the tents of the Northern Cree before James Bay was even a gleam in Bourassa's eye. His strong and moving book combines detailed descriptions of the injunction hearings that followed the Bourassa announcement with accounts of his own education in the ways of the Cree. He shows the Indians on their land as a people of marvelous grace and order who are almost beyond our ken. Theirs, he writes, is a society where man is not dominant but "a mere survivor like every other form," where nature remains untrammeled by European man's clinical structures. Law-

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yers representing the Bourassa government and the James Bay project might have taken lessons from Richardson. They spent months trying to get the Cree to admit they were more white than Indian, that they used Ski-Doos and ate Kentucky Fried Chicken. They kept asking questions the Indians had never thought worth answering. How much? How many? Where's the boundary? What's the address? It was, Richardson says, a dialogue of the deaf.

It is perhaps unfortunate that *Strangers Devour The Land* was written for an American audience—it was published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York—because it suffers from a slim, offhand description of the Quebec and Canadian context. Richardson assumes Bourassa invented the James Bay project simply to hold of the Separatistes when in fact it was a good deal more complicated than that. Bourassa, elected on an economic platform, had taken over a province in woeful fiscal disrepair. Unemployment was sky-high. The October crisis and the Premier's less-than-winning performance were barely over. He had to do something and James Bay was the answer. The author also ignores one of the most intriguing aspects of the whole affair—to what extent James Bay was a creation of U.S. governments and financiers. Bourassa had been boasting of his ties to the Rockefellers, and much of the electrical power—still years from being produced—has already been sold to New York state. But those questions aside, the book is an important one if only because Richardson, a New Zealander who returned home after the Indians finally settled out of court for cash and future considerations, is probably the only white man since Grey Owl to glimpse the Indians' universe.

GLEN ALLEN

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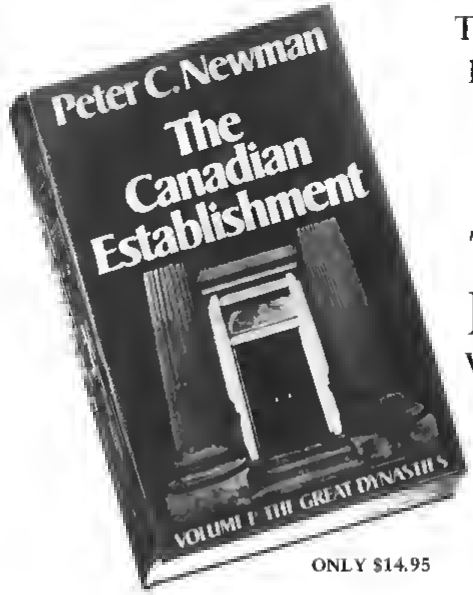
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Bobby, we hardly knew you: a few nice words about a very nice man

Column by Allan Fotheringham

There are certain things you should know about Robert Stanfield, some tardy facts before you say good-bye to him on the TV screen from the Ottawa ice arena while his colleagues pick a successor. He's been with us for nine years, after all, and it's about time you got to know him.

You should know that one day, after a press conference (that had died because of his dullness), a few of us stayed behind to have a drink with him in his hotel suite. One of the group was Jack Webster, the mouth that roared of Vancouver hot-lining radio fame, who is instant showbiz in any gathering over two persons. Webster went into one of his stories and was just mounting full steam when Stanfield gently skewered him. There was a large hiss as the air went out of Webster. He wound himself up for a second time and launched forth. Just before the punch line came another Stanfield shaft. There was another loud hiss of air. A third time Webster pumped himself up. A third time an incisive, deadly, precise Stanfield line punctured him completely. The ineffectual Bob Stanfield, politics' worst communicator, completely destroyed the toughest talker in journalism. In such close company he is delightful. But before any group larger than six, he freezes. His charm and wit are inoperable once outside his hotel suite. He is a man who sends Christmas cards, signed by himself, to newspapermen who all year brutally chop him into tiny pieces and then toy with the remains. It is extremely difficult to dislike such a man.

The scene is the flagstone patio of The Oaks, the Stanfield home in Halifax, the day after the debacle of the 1968 election. Stanfield and the Tories of course have been buried under Trudeaumania and the pallbearers—Finlay MacDonald, Toronto's Fast Eddie Goodman, Gene Rheaume, Flora MacDonald and a few others—have gathered for lunch. The gloom is hedge-high. Suddenly Fast Eddie Goodman leaps to his feet. "I've got it!" he cries. The mourners look at him strangely. "I've got it!" an excited Goodman exclaims. "We start right now, building for the next time. We start a rumor. We plant it. Get it going right across the country. It will sweep the population." The Stanfield entourage gazes puzzled at the antics of Fast Eddie, who by now is dancing with excitement. "Here it is," he whispers. "This is the rumor. Bob Stanfield comes home for nooners!" Mary Stanfield laughs so hard she falls off her chair into a rose bush.

Try to understand the determination and patience of a man who at age 53 (inarticulate even in English, remember) painfully and painstakingly set about the task of learning French so he could more adequately present both sections of this truncated country. And then to witness



JULIEN LeBOURDAIS

Stanfield: not a Lincoln, but a Woody Allen

as his reward, the neanderthal portion of his party carving him up behind his back after the 1974 defeat because he has "wasted" too much of his time learning Canada's other language.

The Number One event in Ottawa that the public never hears about is the off-the-record Press Gallery annual dinner. Each year Stanfield's droll speech from the head table completely overshadows that of Trudeau. At last year's dinner Stanfield rose and began his ponderous introduction. "Your Excellency," he said, turning to Governor General Jules Leger, "Prime Minister, Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—and Doug Ball." The place collapsed. It was an in joke of magnificent self-deprecation since Doug Ball was the photographer who took that famous campaign shot of Stanfield fumbling a football, a devastating cameo that was widely credited with aiding his defeat. There are Tories still bitter over the selective way newspapers played that picture, since Ball has supplied Canadian Press with other shots of a surprisingly graceful Stanfield catching and passing the football. It's a debate still argued in press clubs but only Stanfield had the sense of humor to handle it.

The final day of the futile 1968 campaign an exhausted Stanfield boarded his lumbering campaign plane in Belleville, Ontario, for the flight home to Halifax and the obvious results from the ballot box. He had traveled 40,000 miles in 51 days in an increasingly useless crusade while the press and the country went gaga over this sexy, rich bachelor called Trudeau. While reporters filed their last stories, Stanfield settled into a bottle of Scotch. Once aloft, he marched into the press section, sat down beside the *Globe and Mail*'s Geoff Stevens and took off on a bitter attack on the press. Reporters astounded and delighted at the passion of a Stanfield they had never seen before gathered in stunned awe. The Tory leader ripped into Trudeau with great contempt. Robert Stanfield, in truth, was swacked. To show that Trudeau wasn't the only politician who has ever read a book, Stanfield quoted lengthy passages from De Tocqueville and talked knowledgeably about theatre and music. There was one stop in Moncton, where Stanfield staggered from the plane to deliver a few words for the local candidate—except that he couldn't remember his name. When he reached Halifax he was driven home and the accepted is that when Mary Stanfield opened the door of The Oaks, her husband fell flat on his face at her feet. "That's the last thing the country needs," she cracked, "another Sir John A. Macdonald." Next morning as the Stanfields entered a church basement to vote, Mary Stanfield turned on Stevens. "What did you do with my Bob last night?" she demanded. There was something in her eye, as Stevens records in his sensitive book, *Stanfield*. "It might have been a twinkle."

Late one evening last fall I was waiting for an MP outside the west door of the Commons. Stanfield appeared out of the darkness in his white raincoat, the hunched figure as always appearing shorter than it should be. There was a full moon and we talked while MPs hurried home. We talked and talked and one got the impression this thoroughly decent man would have stayed there for hours. No hurry. No sweat. He had already announced he was leaving and was patiently waiting for the leave-taking, no recriminations, no regrets, no complaints. Just a nice man on a nice night who enjoyed talking.

Clark Gable died shortly after making a movie. *The Misfits* written by Arthur Miller. In a copy of the screenplay given to Gable, Miller wrote: "To the man who did not know how to hate." That will do also as a political epitaph for Robert Stanfield, a gentleman in a ruffians' game.

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